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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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THE EDUCATION CRISIS

College students and recent graduates are carrying nearly a trillion dollars in student debt. According to a recent report, college graduates in 2010 walked away owing an average of $25,250 in loans; 9.1% of them were unable to find work. Others were forced to take low-wage jobs that did not reflect their skill level. Add to that the escalating cost of a college education—California public universities increased tuition by 21%—and you all but eliminate low-income students from the collegiate ranks. It's a scandal that America has done so little to make higher education affordable to every citizen.

To those who have been frozen out of the education system, I say don't give up. I left school in the eighth grade. When I was 15, I joined the Navy (with a fake ID). Painfully aware of my lack of education, I subscribed to a book-of-the-month club. That was followed by a series of correspondence courses. And more reading—everything I could get my hands on.

My message is this: You can teach yourself everything you need to know to be successful. You just have to want it. Being self-taught won't open any doors for you, but it will teach you how to go around them.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

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Nobody likes a warm glass of wine. Okay, maybe the Scottish, but you can't trust those guys. They wear kilts! So what do you do when your lady wants wine, but you don't have the time to chill it? You use the **Ravi Instant Wine Refresher**. What is it? The **Ravi** is a patented device that you simply attach to the top of any bottle of wine, and it takes the contents from room temperature to wine cellar chilly in mere seconds. On average, the little gadget can drop the vino's temperature by between ten and 20 degrees. Not a wine connoisseur? No problem! You can also use the **Ravi** to cool down your favorite booze, including, but not limited to, vodka, tequila, rum, gin and whiskey. Stop whining! Get a **Ravi**.

Available at ***RaviSolution.com***. Suggested retail price: $39.95.

PLAY WITH YOUR BALLS

Pinball: It's the working man's Xbox 360. Stern Pinball, a leader in high-quality machines for decades now, has just released the ultimate high-end collectible—the ***TRON: Legacy* Pinball**. Based on the popular sci-fi flick, the machine features an incredible 3D backglass and authentic soundbites and clips from the movie's cast, as well as Daft Punk's score. All of *TRON: Legacy*'s main characters—including Kevin Flynn and sexy Quorra—return in this must-have (or, at the very least, must-play) pinball machine. Get on The Grid and in the game as you (Sam Flynn) battle CLU and Rinzler then ride the two ramps in Light Cycle battles while trying to defeat the motorized Recognizer and escape through the Portal. BTW: The machine isn't light. ***TRON: Legacy* Pinball** (height: 56 inches; width and length: 31 inches) weighs 285 pounds.

Available at ***SternPinball.com***. Suggested retail price: $5,699.

BREATHE EASY

Let's face it: We live in a dirty world. The air we breathe is full of toxins and pollutants. We need all the help possible just to get some clean air into our lungs. Honeywell, a respected name in environmental and combustion control, just unveiled the newest in its line of high-quality yet affordable air purifiers. The **Honeywell HPA-050 True HEPA Compact Tower Allergen Remover** captures up to 99.97% of microscopic allergens, including smoke, dust, pollen and pet dander. This Energy Star-rated unit boasts three air-cleaning levels and an active carbon filter that helps eliminate odors. The **HPA-050**, which comes with a five-year warranty, is high-powered yet quiet thanks to fans that circulate air up to five times an hour, maximizing your home's air quality. Another plus is the gizmo's compact size (just eight by ten inches); it can fit anywhere, even a tiny apartment or our cramped, closetlike offices.

Available at ***HoneywellStore.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.95.

BAND TOGETHER

You finally did it. You went and got an iPod. To save some cash, you chose the small but mighty iPod Nano. Only problem is the damn thing is so tiny, you're constantly misplacing it. Wouldn't it be great if there was something you could attach your iPod Nano to that would keep the miniature media player handy at all times? With the new **iWatchz** wristband, you'll never again misplace your iPod Nano. Plus you'll look cool and fashionable while rocking your wrist. Offered in a choice of colors, styles and materials, the **iWatchz** features a black aluminum clip that easily secures any iPod Nano. The ultracomfortable band is adjustable to fit almost any wrist and provides easy access to the Nano's buttons. The best part is we're giving a couple of **iWatchz** wristbands away! Sorry, but iPod Nano is not included. See details below!

Available at ***iWatchz.com***. Suggested retail price: $24.95 to $89.95 depending on style.

WIN AN iWATCHZ!

For your chance to win an **iWatchz** iPod Nano wristband, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: **iWatchz Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to: **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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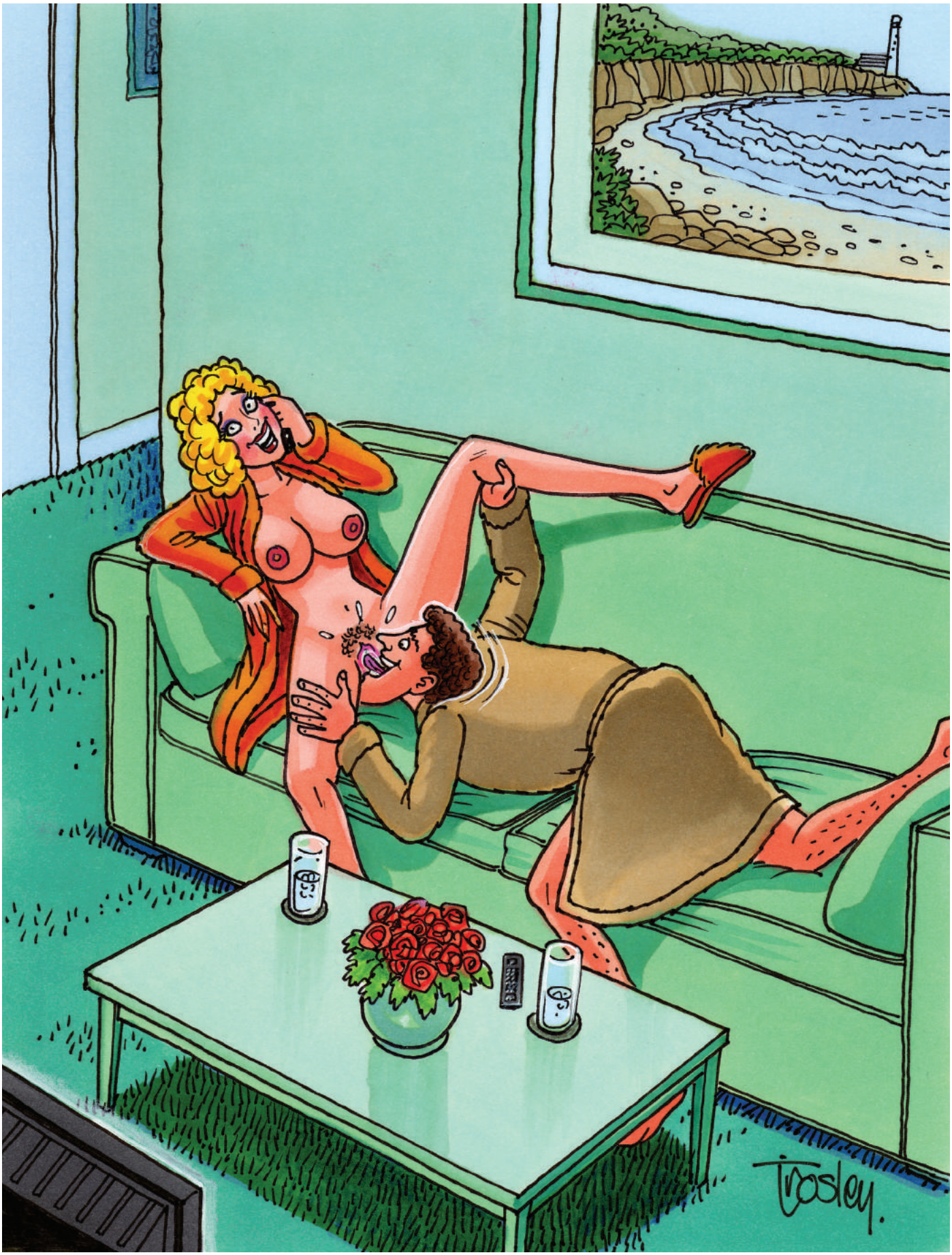


"My first husband was a real *couch potato*...but Arnie here is a real *crotch potato*!"

TOO BIG TO JAIL?

ROBERT RUBIN'S DESTRUCTIVE IMPACT ON THE ECONOMY GREATLY EXCEEDS THAT OF SWINDLER BERNIE MADOFF, BUT HE HAS YET TO BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE.

If justice ever prevails, and a Hall of Shame listing the scoundrels responsible for the Great Recession is erected on the Washington Mall, Robert Rubin must come first. "Why him?" you might ask if you've been drugged these past four years by Fox News, which has been blaming the poor for the housing meltdown. But by now, saner Americans know that responsibility for the economic crisis begins and ends with the Wall Street swindlers who got the rules of the financial road changed to put themselves in the fast lane. And no one was more effective at enabling outrageous Wall Street greed than golden boy Rubin.

Rubin came up with a great ploy: Wall Street should buy off more Democrats, beginning with a hotshot governor from Arkansas who had made an art form out of double-dealing that he called triangulation.

He's the wunderkind who went from Harvard and Yale to Goldman Sachs in search of enormous riches. Although the ultimate rewards upon becoming chairman of that investment house would stagger most mortals, it was thought by Rubin not to be enough. He believed that outdated regulatory laws instituted during the Great Depression to prevent another such disastrous collapse of the financial markets were hemming in firms like Goldman. The Wall Street lobbyists had been trying to reverse those sensible regulations, which were designed to restrain speculative capitalists from their own worst instincts. While deregulation garnered significant support among Republicans in Congress for five decades, the opposition by Democrats had thwarted them.

To counter that obstacle, Rubin came up with a great ploy: Wall Street should buy off more Democrats, beginning with a hotshot governor from Arkansas who had made an art form out of double-dealing that he called triangulation. Rubin helped Bill Clinton raise money on Wall Street for his first Presidential campaign and was rewarded with the position of key economic adviser and then Treasury secretary in the Clinton Administration.

Rubin—along with his ever-eager assistant, Lawrence Summers, and a young aide by the name of Timothy Geithner—set about pushing new legislation reversing the Glass-Steagall Act. That was the most important of the Depression-era laws that prevented the comingling of investment banks—using the money of high rollers who understood the risks on the bets they were placing—and consumer banks, which were federally insured because they provided a safe harbor for the savings of unsophisticated folks.

Thanks to the passage of that legislation, which Bill Clinton signed into law in 1999, the first too-big-to-fail merger of an investment and commercial bank—an entity that became Citigroup, the largest financial institution in the world—was made legal. And guess what? No sooner was the ink dry than Rubin went to work for Citigroup and was paid at least $126 million over the next decade.

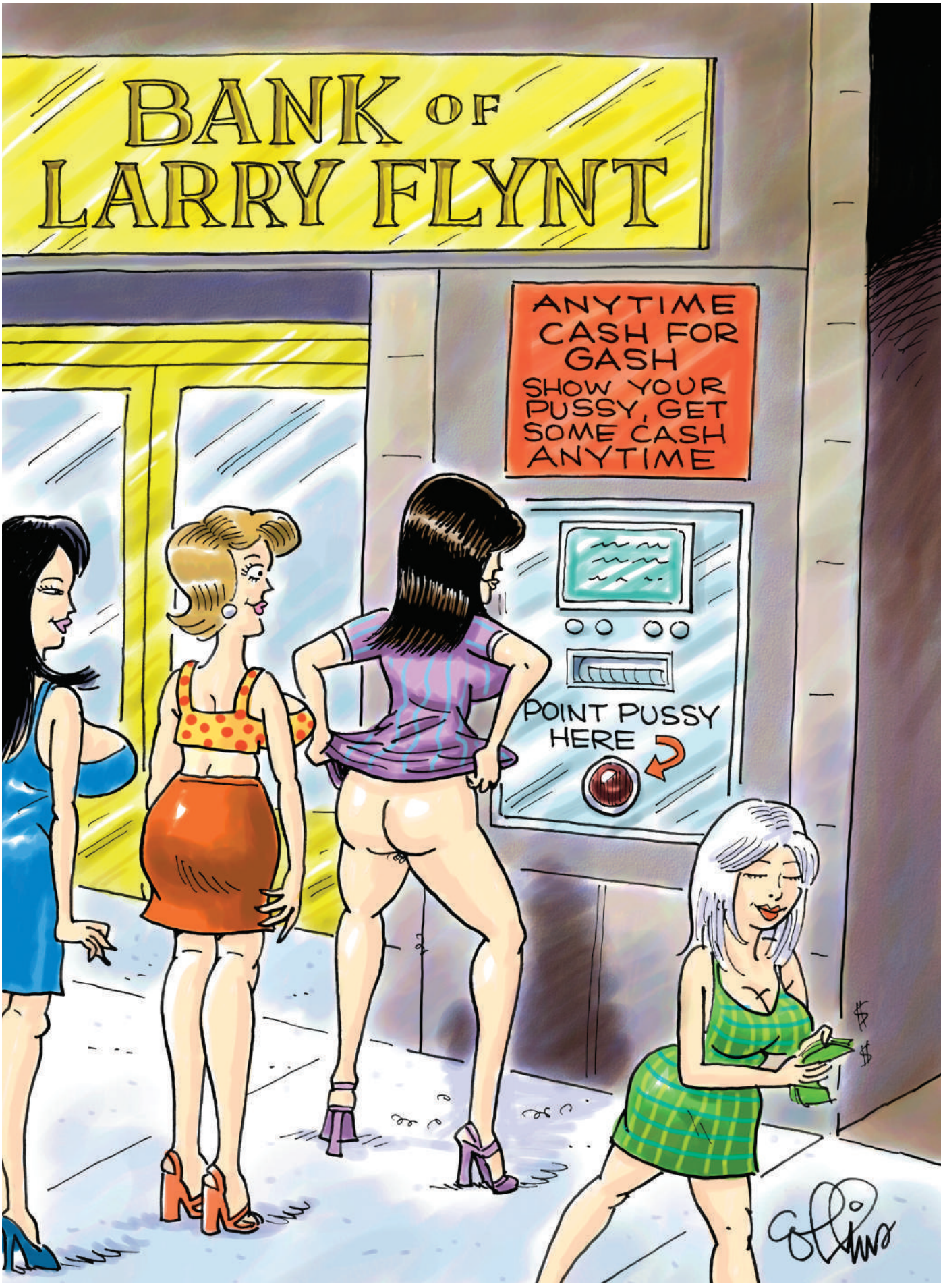
Rubin rose to be chairman and presided over Citigroup's massive marketing of toxic mortgages, which brought the conglomerate and the global economy to the brink of ruin. Taxpayers shelled out $45 billion to bail out Citigroup, with a federal guarantee for $300 billion of toxic assets the bank was holding on its books. Those toxic assets and other collateralized debt obligations and credit default swaps were exempted from government regulation by the Commodity Futures Modernization Act, which Rubin helped design while he was Treasury secretary and was later turned into law when Rubin protégé Summers took over that Cabinet post.

During the period when Rubin was an upper-echelon executive at Citigroup, the bank's alleged fraudulent activities resulted in five separate fines by the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), and each time the bank lied and promised not to do it again. The last such promise was offered in October 2011, when Citigroup agreed to pay a $285-million fine for "misleading investors" in a $1-billion scam marketed back in 2007, when Rubin was still one of Citigroup's top execs. Reporting on that latest fine, the *New York Times* stated: "Citigroup's main brokerage subsidiary, its predecessors or its parent company agreed to not violate the very same antifraud statute in July 2010. And in May 2006. Also as far back as March 2005 and April 2000."

Meanwhile, the wheeler-dealer who presided over Citigroup's disgrace has gotten off scot-free. Rubin sits on a Harvard University governing board, heads the prestigious Council on Foreign Relations and is lionized in establishment circles despite having caused far more damage to the global economy than Bernie Madoff. Sentenced to 150 years in prison, investment banker Madoff made the big mistake of not getting the law changed to make his particular swindle perfectly legal.

Bankers like Rubin who got to write the laws they wanted aren't facing prison time. The Securities and Exchange Commission is bringing only civil charges, which the banks find quite tolerable. The aforementioned $285-million fine that settled the government's case against Citigroup may sound like a lot, except the bank raked in as much as $700 million on the toxic securities deal the SEC deemed fraudulent. As the Bloomberg news service editorialized, "there should be only one answer from Jed S. Rakoff, the federal judge in New York assigned to weigh the merits of the agreement: You've got to be kidding."

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*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ANYTIME
POINT PUSSY
HERE

IS AMERICA BECOMING AN "ELECTIVE DICTATORSHIP"?

BIG BROTHER GETS EVEN BIGGER WITH THE NEXT GENERATION IDENTIFICATION SYSTEM.

I keep learning never to underestimate the FBI's endless passion for finding new ways to track us. The Center for Constitutional Rights (CCR) is a frequent source of mine on Constitutional issues, and two of its attorneys—Sunita Patel and Scott Paltrowitz—have now jolted me with a **CommonDreams.org** report titled "How Far Will the Government Go in Collecting and Storing All Our Personal Data?"

Patel and Paltrowitz focus on "the FBI's ever-expanding Next Generation Identification (NGI) system, which collects and stores all aspects of our personal physical characteristics—our biometric data." This is the first time I've heard of NGI. Have you?

I've often written about my FBI file, started by the late J. Edgar Hoover because he had become irritated by my criticisms of him. The fanciful surmises in it are chump change compared to what is being collected these days (unknown to me) in—as attorneys Patel and Paltrowitz point out—the FBI's "massive database program that collects and stores personal identifying information such as fingerprints, palm prints, iris scans, scars, marks, tattoos, facial characteristics and voice recognition" and who knows what else.

> **How can any citizen be assured "fairness" under this insatiably omnivorous New Generation Identification System if we are forbidden from actually seeing what information has been collected and stored?**

The Center for Constitutional Rights began to find out about this operation as a result of a lawsuit it filed under the Freedom of Information Act. (NGI makes George Orwell look like a true visionary with his Big Brother-is-watching novel *1984*.) If this makes any of you a little uneasy, dig this: Patel and Paltrowitz warn that "when NGI becomes fully operational in 2014, other federal agencies will gain access to the bio-data without your knowledge or consent."

By now, many of us have a general and vague sense of living in a surveillance society. But many young Americans of the next generation have yet to realize—as the CCR attorneys caution—that this country is getting ever closer to becoming an "inescapable surveillance state where we blindly place our hands on electronic devices that capture our digital prints, stare into iris scanning devices that record the details of our eyes and have pictures taken of different angles of our faces so that the FBI and other federal agencies can store and use such information."

Not just the feds will be busily involved in this endless tracking. In the March 21, 2011, online edition of the *Charleston Gazette*, Eric Eyre reported on the scope of the FBI's $1-billion NGI project: "Under the system, state and local police officers will eventually use hand-held devices to scan suspects' fingerprints [and other physical characteristics] and send the images electronically to the FBI center." That's the FBI's Criminal Justice Information Services Division in Clarksburg, West Virginia.

Stephen Morris, a deputy assistant director at the FBI's information center, proudly states, "It increases capacity and accuracy." According to Morris, the Next Generation Identification system has another supposed benefit: "It's a quick scan to let police officers know if they should let the person go or take him into custody."

At least if you're busted thanks to NGI, you will know why. **ArsTechnica.com** posted an article by Joel Hruska that noted a major shortcoming with the FBI's database. It stated, "At this point, the FBI's proposed [and now partially functioning] biometric identification system contains no recourse for citizens who are misidentified, no formal method for the update and correction of biometric information, and no indication that citizens would even be allowed to view their own biometric profiles."

Hruska also chillingly revealed that "in 2003, the FBI exempted its National Crime Information Center, the Central Records System, and the National Center for Analysis of Violent Crime from subsection [552a](e)(5) of the 1974 Privacy Act. That particular subsection mandates that each agency that maintains a system of records shall 'maintain all records which are used by the agency in making any determination about any individual with such accuracy, relevance, timeliness and completeness as is reasonably necessary to assure fairness to the individual in the determination.'"

But even if the FBI had not exempted itself from the Privacy Act—without, of course, ever telling us—how can any citizen be assured "fairness" under this insatiably omnivorous New Generation Identification system if we are forbidden from actually seeing what information has been collected and stored?

I've been covering all the debates among Republican aspirants for the Presidency, and not once have I heard anything about We the People being meshed covertly into the Next Generation Identification system's massive database. One of the debaters did say something that affects every one of us—not to mention future generations, but Ron Paul only focused on the executive orders by which President Obama has ignored Congress, the courts and the U.S. Constitution. As the *Daily Caller* reported on November 2, 2011, Paul accused the Obama Administration of becoming "dangerously close to an elective dictatorship."

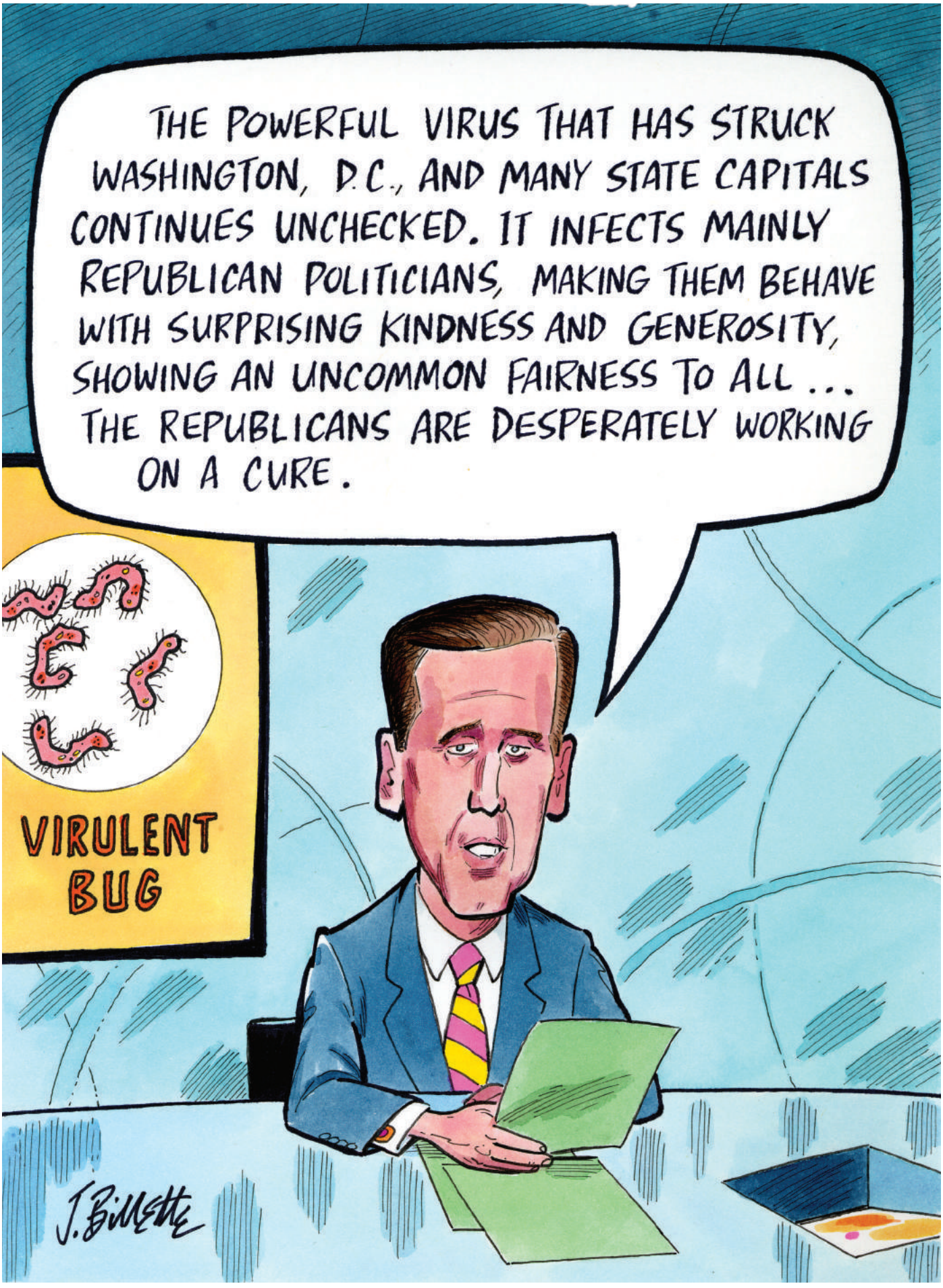
Wake up, Ron! Move on to organize against NGI's destruction of what little is left of our right to privacy. If, as you say, executive orders are "dictatorial," what do you call the federal government's creation of a biometric database?

I'm sure it would have rankled George Washington, who proclaimed that "arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness." And 14 years after Washington's death, Thomas Jefferson recalled how our first President had confided to him that he considered America's new Constitution to be "an experiment…with what dose of liberty man could be trusted for his own good." No matter who is elected President in 2012, how many of our personal liberties will remain?

Did Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis write America's obituary? "The greatest menace to freedom is an inert people. Public discussion is a public duty."

Never before have we had so many ways to conduct public discussion while our personal liberties are being extinguished by our "elective" leader.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This Still America?*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VIRULENT BUG
J. Billette

iRIP

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF STEVE JOBS

The night after the death of Steve Jobs, founder and chief guru of Apple, TNT decided to pay tribute to him by running a made-for-TV movie from several years back called *Pirates of Silicon Valley*. Apparently, no one at the cable network screened the film in advance or someone would have noticed it portrays Jobs as a major dick who, among other things, denied the existence of his out-of-wedlock daughter. As *Pirates of Silicon Valley* ends, he's so hated that no one is willing to give a congratulatory speech at his 30th birthday party.

Jobs was eventually fired by Apple. Whether he was a good person or bad is of little consequence. What matters is how he changed the way we live.

The press was embarrassingly effusive about his demise, calling Jobs the greatest inventor since Thomas Edison, a compliment that was completely wrong. He had no workbench, no soldering irons and no tools. All he had was his imagination and the desire—found in all great people—to create something he himself would want to play with. Jobs imagined then designed and finessed products that he demanded other people make. The guy was stubborn, and some say arrogant, because he knew what he wanted and wouldn't settle for anything less. The result was a flood of products that transformed the dull workplace of the computer into something fun and creative.

When the iPad was introduced, I said no way I wanted one or needed it. I already had an iPhone that I loved. What did I need with a giant version of it that didn't even make phone calls? When a friend of mine bought one, I pronounced him an idiot. Then I played with it. I was at the Apple store the next day. My iPad hasn't left my side since.

That was Jobs's great genius—making something you didn't know you wanted or needed but that you'd eventually discover you couldn't live without. And he didn't even have to push it down your throat to sell it.

His gizmos were elegant, the electronics magical. These were the toys I dreamed about when I was growing up in the second half of the last century. This was the stuff of *Buck Rogers*. Thousands of songs, hundreds of movies and the world at my fingertips—all in my pocket. I continue to gasp when I think of it.

Most everyone knows the legend. All the good ones start in a garage in northern California's Silicon Valley. In this case, it was the two Steves—Jobs and Wozniak. Jobs was the dreamer and Woz the electronics wiz who could make those dreams a reality. Together they created the Apple 1 computer, which was so primitive, it had a case made of wood.

Their shared dream was to build a computer that anyone could use, but it wasn't until the Macintosh that the dream was realized. The Mac had a graphical user interface and sported a new device called a "mouse," which Apple was able to use after negotiating a stock deal with computer innovator Xerox PARC.

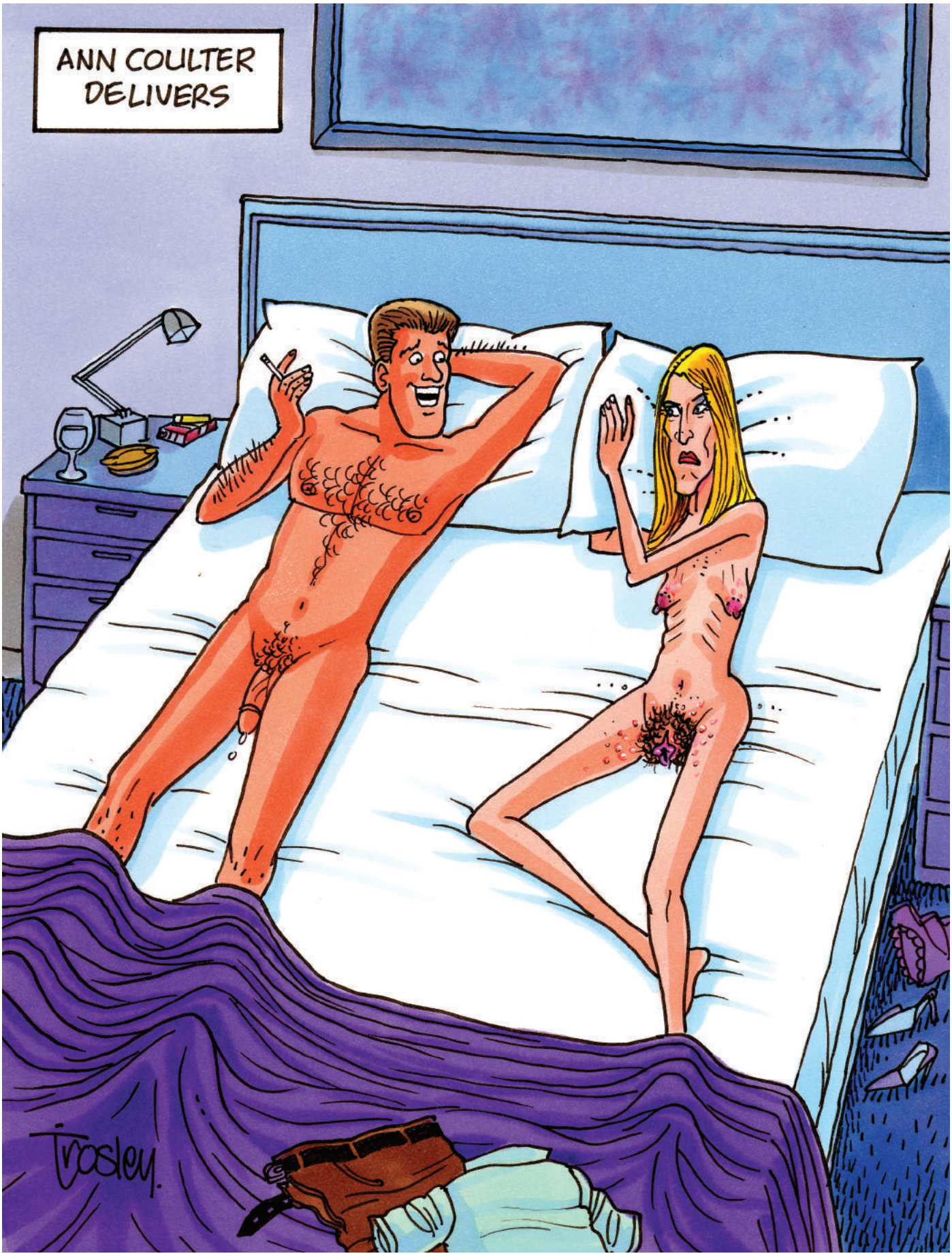
Upon his triumphant return, Apple flourished. Being fired was great for Jobs. Once known for being a diva and hard to work with and for, he was transformed into a more focused, simpler man who got along with almost everyone. He also brought with him a new vision of what Apple could be. It wasn't the computers the company built that would save Apple but a small music player called an iPod. Sure, there had been similar devices prior to the iPod's entry into the marketplace, but this iteration was elegant, fun and, most of all, easy to use.

I really don't know if conditions today could produce a Steve Jobs. The individual genius inherent in his life is much more difficult to achieve in these days of corporate tyranny forcing gifted entrepreneurs out of the marketplace or absorbing them into it.

At 56, Jobs's amazingly productive life came to an end due to complications from pancreatic cancer. When the disease was first diagnosed, doctors told him he had a rare form that could be cured if operated on. Jobs refused because he didn't want his body opened. Instead, he went for holistic methods. When the fruits and berries didn't work, he finally opted for the operation, but by then it was too late. The cancer had already spread. He might still be alive were it not for his stubbornness and arrogance. Two of the traits that made him unique killed him.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).

"You're 13, son, so it's time we had 'the talk.' Quit sneaking HUSTLER magazines out of my dresser, or I'll kick your ass!"



"Of course I enjoyed it, Ann...didn't you hear me *laughing*?"

Party for None

What the hell is wrong with people these days? Those three women who were willing guinea pigs in the article "G-Shot Party" [Holiday '11] insult all intelligence. [Writer Anka] Radakovich was the only one with an ounce of common sense in the room.

Maybe their shoe sizes are higher than their IQs, and they didn't understand the medical term "tissue necrosis." Who the hell would allow that to be inflicted on their genitals?!

If a doctor told me he could add four inches in length and one inch in diameter to my dick via a shot of silicone, my sidekick One-Eyed Pete, My Trusty Trouser Meat, would bitch-slap his ass silly.

My advice to women who had this procedure: If your partner doesn't have the time or is unwilling to find your G spot, then find someone who will. "Dr. Picasso Vajayjay" is lining his bank account with millions from ignorant saps. **—M.A.**
Russellville, Kentucky

Ticked-off Texans

I appreciate your making Rick Perry the Holiday '11 Asshole of the Month. After 16 years of Republican leadership (i.e., Bush and Perry), Texas is in dire financial straits—especially our education system. Perry refused $700 million worth of education funds, which are already poorly managed given that 70% is allocated to sports.

Every new high school has a gym for each grade level, and college football stadiums are built with AstroTurf. Meanwhile, academic classes suffer. We have had massive teacher layoffs statewide, but coaches kept their jobs to save their precious sports. Perry wasted $10 million on steroid testing and only caught about five students throughout the state.

We, as Texans, are tired of our education dollars being wasted when our kids' learning levels rank in the bottom 5% of the nation. Rick Perry is bad for Texas, as Bush was, and Rick Perry will be bad for America.

—C. Mitchel Putman
Wimberley, Texas

Snow Me In

For the first time in my life, I wish I was a damn snowman. At least for a day so I could spend all 24 hours fucking the shit out of the sexy-as-hell Eden Adams ["A Ray of Sunshine," Holiday '11]. I'm not some freak who's into sex or photos of people having sex with inanimate objects, but goddamn! Those green eyes and red lips! Eden left me drooling!

That layout turned me on so much, I almost came in my pants at first glance. I want to run my tongue up and down Eden's smooth, pink pussy while I titty-fuck her perfectly round breasts, and she licks and sucks my balls with those beautiful, pouty lips. I'm getting hard just writing about it. Jesus Christ! I gotta go.

—Aiden Callaway
Oakland, California

I Love the USA

Kelli McCarty looks unfuckingbelievable in your Holiday '11 issue ["Miss USA's Wild Ride"]. Beef curtains aside, her pussy looks so wet and juicy—ripe for pumping. I'd like to stick my long, hard cock so far up her hole, she'd feel it in the back of her throat and taste my jizz in her mouth.

Speaking of throat, I'm imagining the cougarized Miss USA beauty licking and sucking my dick and balls while she stares at me with those gorgeous green eyes. She can probably deep-throat and ride my cock like a fucking champ because she knows what it takes to win!

—Roger Larson
Morristown, Tennessee

HUSTLER readers feasted their eyes on mouthwatering Kelli McCarty, Miss USA 1991.

Old Friends?

Beautiful layout of Kelli McCarty. Still as beautiful as the day she won Miss USA. So grateful to call her one of my friends. **—Joe Coyle**
Port St. Lucie, Florida

XXX Factor

I'm usually a penny-pinching buyer of discounted back issues, but I paid full price for the Holiday '11 issue. Miss USA 1991 Kelli McCarty was the wow factor! The fact that this woman has gone from mainstream Hollywood to nasty porn raunch is an extremely erotic thing. In the 20 years since her Miss USA title, she has only gotten sexier.

This adorable, finely aged Miss USA, a former network soap opera actress, is giving us clit, labia and vulva, with tentative plans to take more dick in another video. Thank you, Kelli McCarty!

We know the divorced Kelli goes home to an empty house. Maybe HUSTLER can do its version of *The Bachelorette* with a multi-disc porn documentary of Kelli being romanced by, and voting off, potential suitors. It should be real though, not staged!

—Marc Smilen
Dania, Florida

Wet Dreams

I am 20 years old, and I live in Guyana [in South America] with my parents and sister, who is 18 years old. I love watching porn, sucking, fucking, pumping pussies and traveling to different countries. I am a big fan of HUSTLER, though my favorite porn of all time is *Black Pie for the White Guy*. I love how those white boys stick their tongues in those dark pussies.

My dream is to become a porn star. I really want to come to America to work with you. I promise to do anything you ask of me. **—A.J.**
Georgetown, Guyana

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

HEY, I'M PAYING YOU GOOD MONEY TO SUCK ON IT, NOT TO COMMENT ON IT!
WINNERT

HUSTLER

REAL HOT LIVE GIRLS!
READY FOR WHATEVER YOU WANT
ON THE BEST ONLINE CHAT

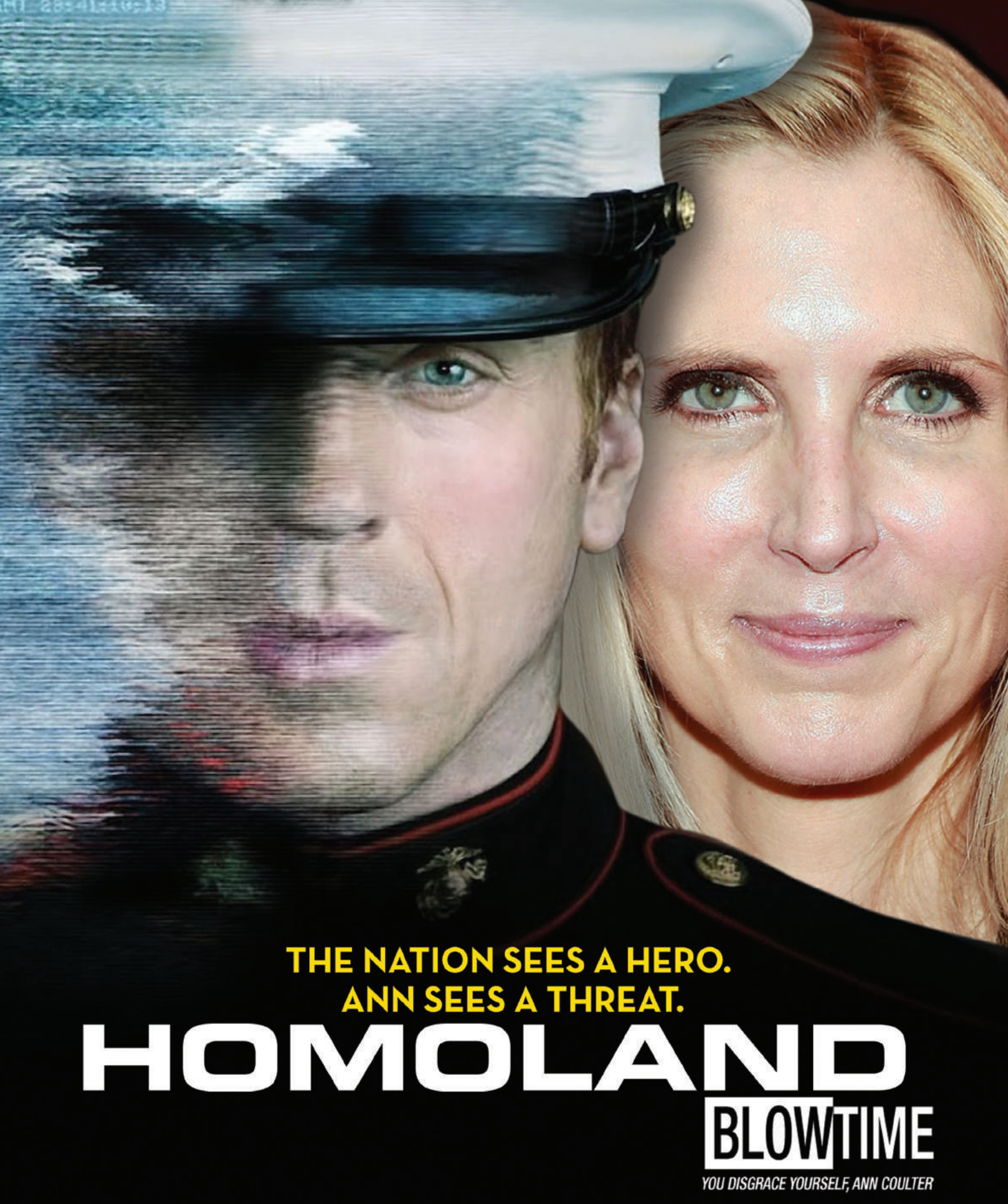
THEY'RE WAITING INSIDE NOW!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

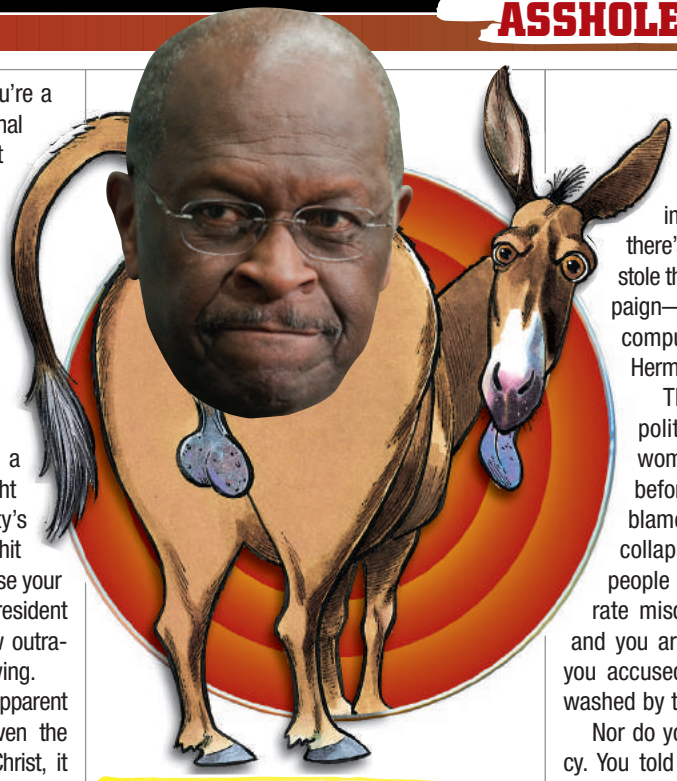
We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!

Come inside and see what you can get them to do!

ENTER



HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary about the television show *Homeland*, calling attention to Ann Coulter's disapproval of gays serving in the military. Even the most patriotic, heroic homosexual soldier has no place in Ann's army. In fact, the right-wing nutjob doesn't even want women to enlist. Coulter—a vocal cheerleader for the conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan—is very picky about who gets to die waging the senseless, illegal wars she champions. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



HERMAN CAIN

We know what you are, Herman. You're a flimflam man. Being a motivational speaker is its own kind of flimflam, isn't it? Just think positively, and you can be anything you want to be, right? Why, you could even be President of the United States of America. And what better way to prove that you, Herman Cain, are the best motivational speaker of all—bar none—than by running for the Presidency yourself?

Even so, you must have been shocked at your initial success. For a while, it actually looked like you might have become the Republican Party's Presidential candidate. You must have shit your pants, sir! All you wanted was to raise your speaking fees and sell books. Being President was never the goal. But no matter how outrageous you were, your support kept growing.

No one seemed to care about your apparent illegal use of campaign funds—not even the press. That's pretty fucking amazing! Christ, it appears you used campaign contributions to buy a fair-size number of your own book—*This Is Herman Cain!*—from your own motivational speaking company at full cover price. Way to go, raking in the bucks. You kinda remind us of Harold Hill, the con artist in *The Music Man*. Here's our version of the Broadway musical's tune "Trouble": "Ya got trouble with a capital *T*, and that rhymes with *C*, and that stands for Cain."

Then came the sexual harassment scandal. Honestly, at first we thought you had leaked this yourself to avoid actually having to run this country. But even the early sexual harassment charges couldn't derail your astonishing level of support. For a while, it seemed as if the GOP would back you even if you pissed on a baby.

Yes, it was a great ride. First there was that 9-9-9 plan. Way to grab 'em! Never mind that those in the middle class would wind up paying more in taxes than they already are—or that the rich would pay even less than they do today. As for the poor, under your plan they would have to pay federal taxes for the first time, even though they are below the poverty line. Plus they would pay something else never before imposed: a *federal* sales tax!

When that was pointed out to you—and the odd thing is that it had to be pointed out to you in the first place—you corrected it. That was your 9-0-9 plan. Great! But the poor would still have to pay a 9% federal sales tax even if they were already paying a state sales tax.

Fuck the poor, right? Your tax plan was never about helping the poor and the working class; it was always about helping people like you—namely the rich. Hence your famous quote when addressing the fabulously wealthy right-wingers David and Charles Koch at that Americans for Prosperity event in Washington, D.C., last November: "I am the Koch brothers' brother from another mother," you told the faithful.

BTW: That line was from the movie *Rush Hour 3*. (Chris Tucker as Detective James Carter: "He has me, his brother from another mother.") But that was nothing compared to your "borrowing" a line from the Donna Summer theme song to *Pokémon: The Movie 2000* and then attributing it to a poet. You know the quote, Herman: "Life can be a challenge. Life can seem impossible, but it's never easy when there's so much on the line." You also stole the centerpiece of your political campaign—the 9-9-9 tax plan—from the computer game *SimCity 4*. Really, Herman? *Pokémon*? *SimCity*?

There wasn't much more to your political platform. You were for a woman's right to have an abortion before you were against it. Rather than blame the banks and Wall Street for our collapsed economy, you blamed the people who lost their jobs due to corporate misdeeds. ("If you don't have a job, and you are not rich, blame yourself.") And you accused your own race of being brainwashed by the Democratic Party.

Nor do you have a clue about foreign policy. You told PBS's Judy Woodruff that China "has indicated that they're trying to develop nuclear capability." In fact, China detonated its first atomic bomb in 1964. Nor did you know what a neocon is even though it appears you are one. Or that the U.S. President can't simply order a fence (or moat) to be built between Mexico and the United States.

But that's the great thing about being a flimflam man. It's not about what you know. It's not even about how smart you are. It's simply about your ability to bamboozle your way through a given situation. It's all flash and razzmatazz. And in that league, Herman, you have no competitors—even though it finally all came crashing down on you.

So, in truth, this is less an indictment of you than it is of the people who supported you. Despite the fact that you've been winging it since day one, those yahoo right-wing loons continued to grovel at your feet.

So there you go! You, Herman Cain—the greatest flimflam man planet Earth has ever known—have proven that the GOP is made up of really, really stupid people. Hats off to you, sir!

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**JUDGE RICHARD A. POSNER**, who sits on the U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago, is a judicial stinker. After hearing only 14 words from a lawyer for the American Civil Liberties Union, which is challenging the constitutionality of an Illinois law preventing the audio recording of police activity without their consent, Posner brusquely cut him off. "Yeah, I know," the judge sneered. "But I'm not interested, really, in what you want to do with these recordings of people's encounters with the police." Posner added, "Once all this stuff can be recorded, there's going to be a lot more of this snooping around by reporters and bloggers. … I'm always suspicious when the civil liberties people start telling the police how to do their business." We're always suspicious of judges who sabotage the First Amendment, seemingly condone police brutality and have bad manners to boot.

•**REGINALD BROOKS** found two ways to achieve "recognition" here. In 1982, shortly after his wife filed for divorce, the East Cleveland, Ohio, resident fatally shot his three sons while they were sleeping. Then, almost 30 years later, as the state of Ohio was about to put Brooks to sleep via lethal injection, the condemned killer showed no remorse for his cowardly crime. He offered no sorrow or regret for the evil he had done. Instead of the usual verbal final statement, Brooks had something else up his sleeve. While strapped to a prison gurney, he wordlessly bid the world farewell by extending the middle finger of each strapped-down hand. He dually flipped the bird, and so will we—with our epitaph to Reginald Brooks.

BATTLE OF THE STRIPPERS

Mimi

Pleasure

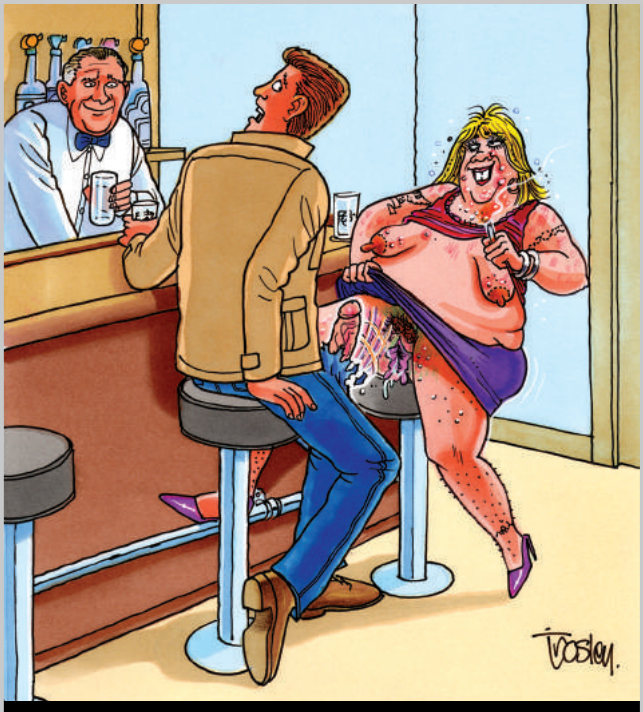
The winners

Alice

Las Vegas and strippers are as inseparable as Michele Bachmann and batshit insanity, so it's no surprise that Sin City hosted a pageant to crown the country's best new feature-theme dancers. Gals from all around the nation flocked to a pair of Vegas strip joints to compete for the title of Miss Exotic United States 2011. The semifinal round was staged at Little Darlings, while Déjà Vu Showgirls hosted the finals. The top prize ended up being claimed by hometowner Alice, who entertains at Little Darlings. The Audience Favorite award went to Tennessee native Pleasure, while New York's Mimi was recognized for her Most Unique Show.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

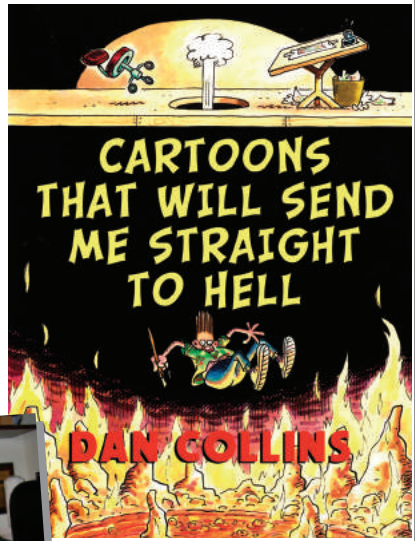
MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"I don't understand my girlfriend...I don't understand my boss...I don't understand the economy...Now I don't understand my cock!"

CONTROVERSIAL CARTOONS

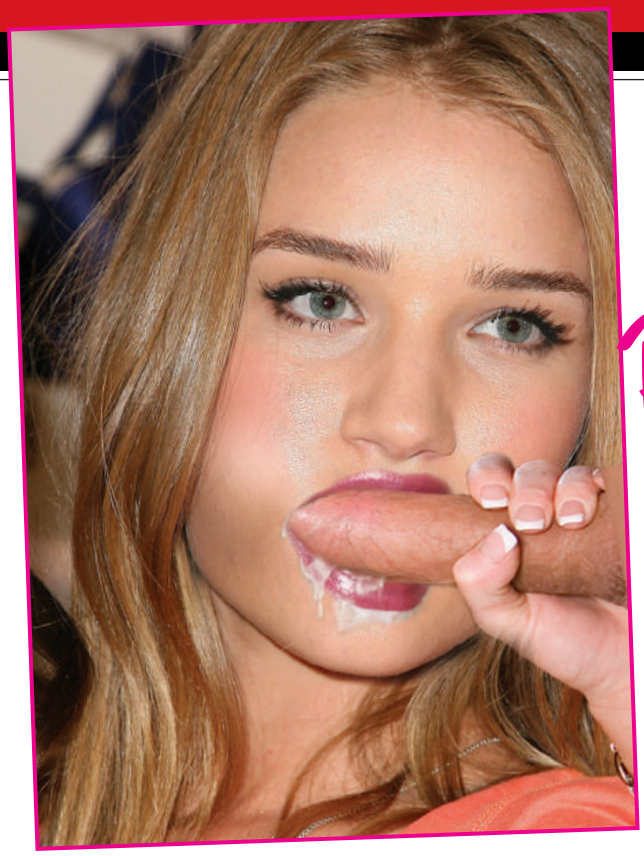
For decades, Dan Collins has been filling HUSTLER's pages with his taboo-busting, politically incorrect and wildly funny cartoons. Dan, whose style was inspired by revolutionary comic artists like Robert Crumb and Gahan Wilson, has just completed an e-book chock-full of 'toons that will offend you, amuse you or—most often—miraculously do both at the same time.



Cartoons That Will Send Me Straight to Hell by Dan Collins is available at **Amazon.com** for a mere $2.99.

PHOTO COURTESY DAN COLLINS

"Chastity: The most unnatural of all the sexual perversions." —ALDOUS HUXLEY, PRESCIENT AUTHOR



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Rosie Huntington-Whiteley LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Victoria's Secret model Rosie Huntington-Whiteley was chosen by director Michael Bay to replace Megan Fox in the *Transformers* movies. Even though the acting bar was set pretty low— we doubt Megan will be winning an Oscar any time soon—Rosie still managed to suck. It's a bad sign when you're outacted by a giant talking truck.

DISCLAIMER. No such picture of Rosie Huntington-Whiteley actually exists, although we did hear rumors that the actress gave Optimus Prime a handjob. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

Ah, the room service order has finally arrived. It's just the way we like it—a plate of hairy muff served with a side dish of another nude chick. Pass the salt! Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

ALLURING ACROBAT

PHOTO BY GORDON/EMMREPORT

Belladonna knows how to make an entrance. At a recent party commemorating the 40th anniversary of The Pleasure Chest—an L.A. adult toy store—all eyes were trained on the ceiling as the veteran XXX actress dazzled the crowd with an acrobatic performance. Have we been working at HUSTLER too long, or does it look like Belladonna is crawling out of a giant snatch?

"Sex: the pleasure is momentary, the position ridiculous, and the expense damnable." —LORD CHESTERFIELD, 18TH-CENTURY STATESMAN

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #28

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

The final numbers are in on the Small Business Lending Fund, which was intended to pump $30 billion into banks to stimulate loans for small businesses. How much of that cash ended up reaching struggling mom-and-pops and start-ups? About $2 billion—roughly 7%. Banks actually took $4 billion from the fund but used half of that to pay back TARP bailout loans. Basically, they grabbed another chunk of taxpayer money to settle their outstanding debt to the taxpayers. The rest of the fund, which could have been used to create jobs, went untouched.

Secretary of the Treasury Tim Geithner—the "brains" behind the Small Business Lending Fund—rationalized its failure by asserting that the government can't compel banks to lend money. What's wrong with this picture? Legislation is enacted to assist small businesses, but the ensuing program fizzles because banks decide they can't squeeze enough profit out of it? Even without this fund, banks have plenty of money to lend, but they're too busy hoarding profits and imposing more fees on cash-strapped consumers.

Isn't it obvious by now that Geithner gets his marching orders not from President Obama or from the American people but from the banking industry? For this and many other reasons, we will continue to shit upon Timmy's head until he resigns or gets canned.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

Surprisingly, this sign isn't directing drivers towards Mitt Romney's house. It's actually calling attention to the location of a small Canadian town on Newfoundland island. We hope that the spot's unfortunate moniker is at least good for tourism, though it might not be attracting the right element.

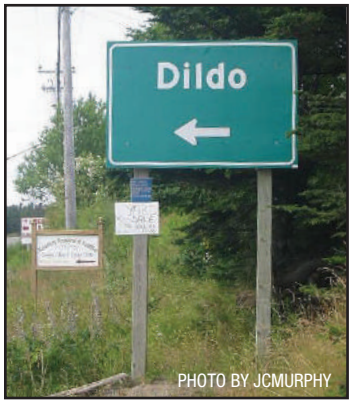


PHOTO BY JCMURPHY

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

If you're a steampunk fan whose appetite wasn't sated by HUSTLER's February '12 article on the cultural phenomenon, you'll be intrigued by this month's book selections. Hailing from Cleis Press, *Carnal Machines: Steampunk Erotica* and *Steamlust: Steampunk Erotic Romance* explore the sexy side of the science fiction subgenre.

The books are compilations of short stories featuring the wild inventions, unconventional attitude and edgy eroticism that characterize the movement.

To order *Carnal Machines: Steampunk Erotica* ($14.95) and *Steamlust: Steampunk Erotic Romance* ($14.95), visit **CleisPress.com**.

NEWSBITES

BOOB BLOCK

During a domestic dispute in Russia, a woman's life was literally saved by one of her tits. According to the Web site Pravda.ru, a 40-year-old man plunged a knife into his wife's left boob in an apparent attempt to kill her. Thankfully for the dame, her heart was protected by a thick layer of cushioning: a silicone-filled breast implant. She survived, and hubby is prison-bound. The lesson to be learned here? If you ever find yourself in a knife fight, hide behind the biggest pair of tits in the room.

SEE YOU AT CHURCH

A mass in northern Italy was interrupted by a horrific occurrence. A man in his mid-40s stood up and pulled out his eyeballs with his own hands. The wacko reportedly had been hearing voices commanding him to snuff out his sight. Couldn't the guy have waited until he was outside? Everyone knows that church isn't the place to do crazy shit. Church is where levelheaded people go to worship a messiah who was resurrected from the dead 2,000 years ago.

BOOZY BIRDS

Florida and Mexico are prime destinations for U.S. college students looking for Spring Break debauchery, but where do red-collared lorikeets go to get fucked up? We know. Every year, to celebrate the end of the dry season, thousands of the birds converge upon a spot in Australia's Northern Territory for a days-long bender, getting shitfaced on fermented fruit. Soused lorikeets don't sound that bad, but we're all fucked once grizzly bears start making meth.

RIP ME A NEW ONE

A 26-year-old English laborer received an unwelcome surprise while toiling at a manufacturing plant. The poor dude was part of a crew assembling a mobile home when a compressed air hose somehow became stuck in his ass. The hose, which descended from the ceiling, managed to slip past the guy's shorts, penetrate his rectum, then blow a lot of high-pressure air up his bum. The man, who suffered a torn bowel and intestinal damage, is suing his employer. The working class is used to getting its asshole ripped open while on the job, but this is a bit much.

"You know that look women get when they want sex?...Me neither." —STEVE MARTIN, COMEDIAN

A GENTLEMAN'S SALUTE

The Gentlemen's Club Owners Expo, held recently at the Mirage hotel-casino in Las Vegas, is the adult nightclub industry's blockbuster event. The annual conclave features an expansive trade show and informative seminars, but it's not all work for attendees. There's plenty of eye candy (i.e., scantily clad exotic dancers galore), plus the expo culminates with a spectacular awards show. Nina Mercedez was named Miss **ExoticDancer.com**, Christina Aguchi garnered Overall Entertainer of the Year, and Delilah's was honored as the nation's best gentlemen's club.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

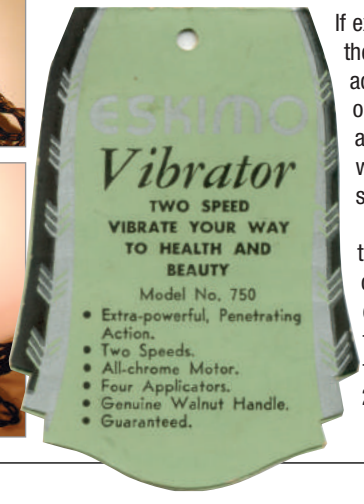
Jade Simone St. Clair

Sunny Leone

Chelsea Charms & Michelle Maylene

Nina Mercedez

HYSTERICALLY HORNY



If ex-Presidents Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush rate museums, then the vibrator is clearly overdue for such an honor. Good Vibrations—a classy adult toy retailer with four Bay Area locations—has finally broken ground on an exhibit dedicated to the female pleasure device. Slated to open soon at a Good Vibrations outlet in San Francisco, the Antique Vibrator Museum will educate visitors about the evolution of attitudes toward the sexual satisfaction of women.

Invented by an American doctor in 1869, the electric vibrator was initially prescribed for females suffering from hysteria. Curiously, the concept of "hysteria" originated with an ancient Greek belief that the uterus could become detached and float around in a woman's body, causing her to go nuts. Thankfully, we now understand why women behave like irrational lunatics: PMS. Oh, shit, never mind! That doesn't explain the other 20 or so days of the month, does it?

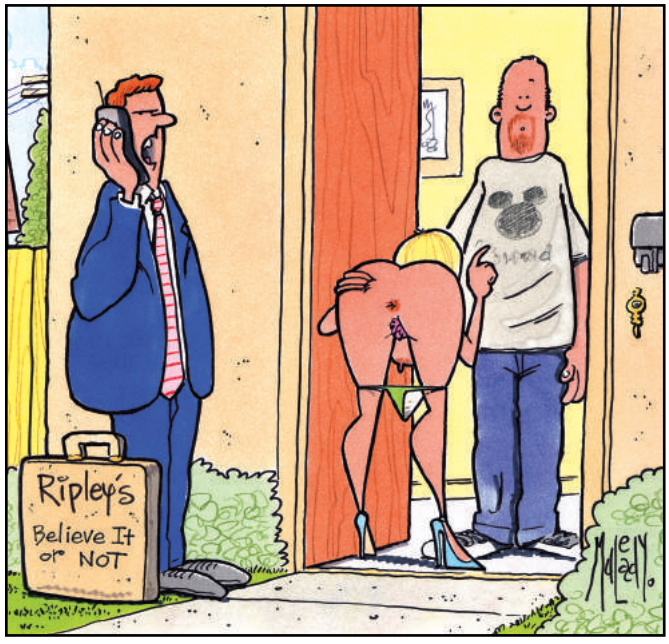
For more information and images, visit **AntiqueVibratorMuseum.com**.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF GOOD VIBRATIONS (WWW.GOODVIBES.COM)

"The power of the P-U-S-S-Y, thatz why every mutherfucka in the world dress fly." —JAY-Z, RAPPER

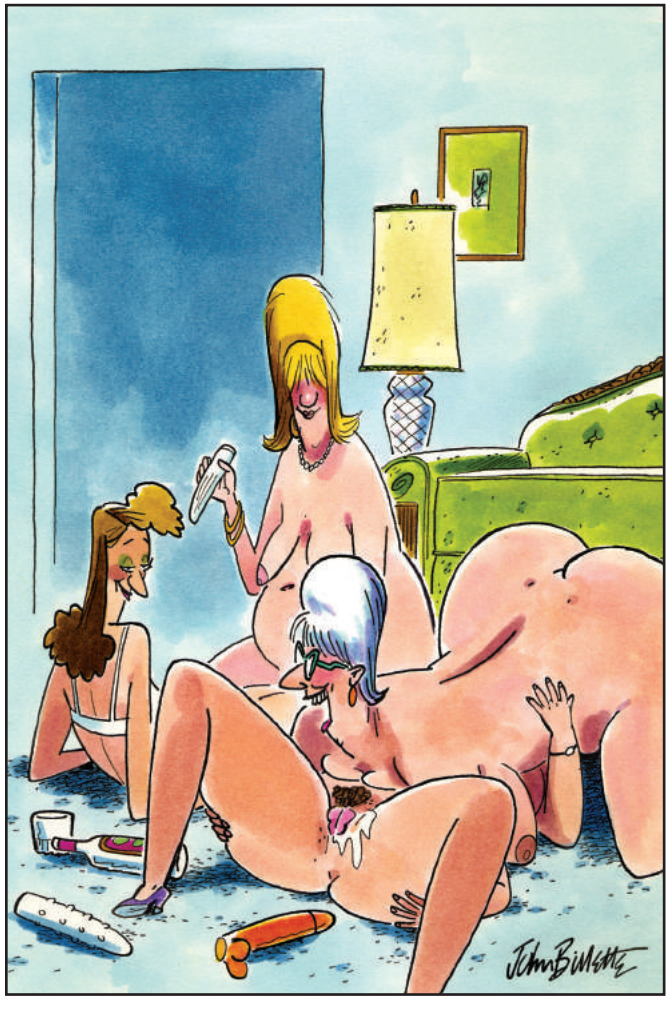
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

"Tastes okay to me!"

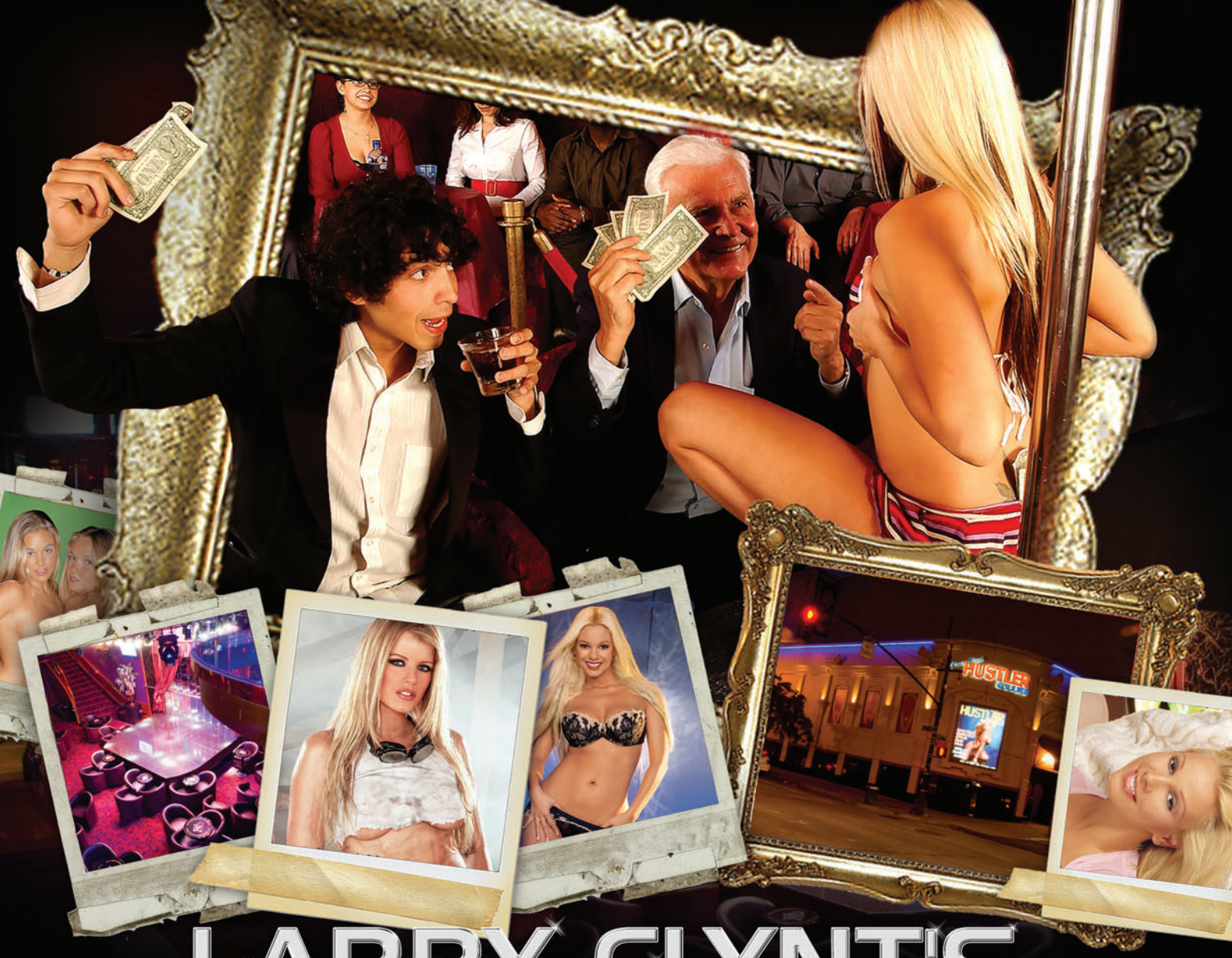


"It's a false alarm for the woman claiming to have two assholes."

"I feel sorry for him...my first wife had a problem with vaginal farting."



"Oh my, girls. Think of all the years we wasted playing bridge."



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UP ALL NIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

ALEXIS PAIGE

Alexis Paige loves the nightlife. In fact, she's borderline nocturnal. "I start a lot of my days on the late side," **Alexis** admits. "Sometimes I'm waking up in the afternoon because I was out at a club the night before. But a lot of the time, I'm just chilling at my house, watching movies until five or six in the morning."

When **Alexis** ventures out on the town, she especially enjoys moving her hot body to a wide variety of music. "About the only thing I have trouble dancing to is country music," the lifelong Californian notes. "But I like rap, house music, Guns N' Roses, everything. I can dance all night!"

Alexis isn't an insomniac; she just digs the rhythms of the evening. "My energy is so different when the sun goes down," the hottie reckons. "At night, I'm more focused, more creative and way more sexual."

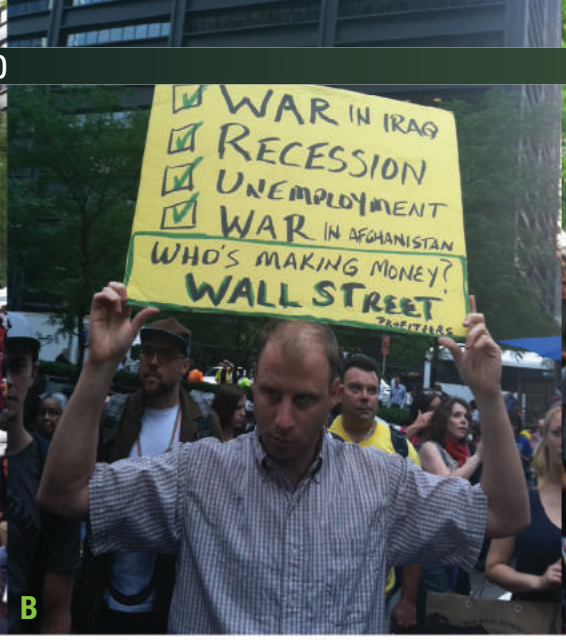
With regard to her amorous interests, **Alexis** is an open-minded gal. "If I'm with the right guy," she explains, "I can be pretty bold. I like getting dressed up in costumes for role-playing. One time I surprised my boyfriend where he worked. I was wearing this long coat with nothing underneath it. We went to a back office and fucked for like half an hour. I'm sure his boss found out, but I guess he didn't care!"

Alexis, we learn, is a model who's fond of being on the other side of the lens. "I'm definitely not a pro photographer," she says. "But I like going on hikes and taking pictures of whatever I see—trees, the sky, other people. Everybody sees the world a little differently, so I guess I just want to show people what it looks like to me."

ALEXIS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: San Diego | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 104

BY JORDAN DAVID

A



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INSIDE OCCUPY WALL STREET

WE PUT OUR MAN ON THE GROUND TO GIVE US A MINUTE-BY-MINUTE, BLOW-BY-BLOW REPORT

G

H

I arrived at the Occupy Wall Street encampment in Zuccotti Park two days after an incident that made news around the world. Four women along with a few other bystanders and at least one cop had been pepper-sprayed by Deputy Inspector Anthony Bologna of the New York City Police Department. If he had a reason for his actions, it wasn't evident to anyone who was present.

The protest originated with a July 13, 2011, tweet posted by the Canadian activist magazine *Adbusters*. People "concerned with corporate greed" were encouraged to swarm the financial district in lower Manhattan on September 17. The plan was to occupy it for two months while incessantly repeating "one simple demand" that would be determined by the participants. To date, no specific demand has been made.

Even so, all the demonstrators agree that the economic system in this country has to change and that 99% of Americans are being exploited by the wealthiest 1%. Wall Street has bought our President, Congress and even the Supreme Court, I was told.

OWS is a people's movement that wants to take back our government. It's affiliated with neither the left nor right, and most of the protesters crammed into 33,000-square-foot Zuccotti Park were college age.

(continued on page 39)

L

M

A-D: *thousands at Occupy Wall Street headquarters in Zuccotti Park.* ***E-F:*** *protesting police brutality at 1 Police Plaza.* ***G:*** *Reverend Billy speaks out.* ***H:*** *marching down Wall Street.* ***I:*** *environmentalist in Zuccotti Park.* ***J:*** *MSNBC's Dylan Ratigan.* ***K:*** *filmmaker Michael Moore.* ***L:*** *protester arrested at JPMorgan Chase.* ***M:*** *topless speaker.* ***N:*** *preparing to march on Wall Street.* ***O:*** *protesters in front of U.S. District Attorney's office.* ***P:*** *Billionaires for Plutocracy amuse the OWS crowd.* ***Q:*** *marchers converge on Brooklyn Bridge.* ***R:*** *Army vet pickets in front of Zuccotti Park.*

ALL PHOTOS BY JORDAN DAVID UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

D

WALL ST.= WAR ST. DEFEAT U.S. IMPERIALISM
600,000+ BLACKS AND LATINOS "STOPPED AND FRISKED" BY RACIST NYPD
WE ARE ALL SEAN BELL NYPD TO HELL!
E

F

I

J

K

N

O

P

Q

R

BY KIMBERLY CHENG

CORPORATE TAX DODGING

CEOS GET PAID MORE THAN UNCLE SAM

Company, ranked by executive compensation	CEO	Total Executive compensation 2010	U.S. Corporate income taxes, 2010 (million)
Stanley Black & Decker	John Lundgren	$32,570,596	-$75 (refund)
Ford	Alan Mulally	$26,520,515	-$69 (refund)
Chesapeake Energy	Aubrey McClendon	$21,044,952	$0
Aon	Gregory Case	$20,783,301	$16
Bank of New York Mellon	Robert Kelly	$19,379,257	-$670 (refund)
Coca-Cola Enterprises	John F. Brock	$19,114,318	$8
Verizon	Ivan Seidenberg	$18,126,854	-$705 (refund)
Dow Chemical	Andrew Liveris	$17,739,490	-$576 (refund)
Prudential Financial	John Strangfeld	$16,187,028	-$722 (refund)
Ameriprise	James Cracchiolo	$16,252,851	-$224 (refund)
Honeywell	David Cote	$15,216,953	-$471 (refund)
General Electric	Jeff Immelt	$15,199,762	-$3,253 (refund)
Allegheny Technologies	Patrick Hassey	$14,978,587	-$47 (refund)
Mylan Laboratories	Robert Coury	$14,975,235	-$73 (refund)
Capital One Financial	Richard Fairbank	$14,850,675	-$152 (refund)
Wynn Resorts Ltd.	Steve Wynn	$14,615,779	$0
Marsh & McLennan	Brian Dupperreault	$14,038,187	-$90 (refund)
Boeing	Jim McNerney	$13,768,019	$13
Motorola Solutions	Gregory Q. Brown	$13,732,802	$7
Nabors Industries	Eugene Isenberg	$13,537,486	-$138 (refund)
Qwest Communications	Edward Mueller	$13,446,399	-$14 (refund)
Cablevision Systems	James Dolan	$13,320,691	-$3 (refund)
Motorola Mobility	Sanjay Jha	$13,016,126	$12 (refund)
eBay	John J. Donahoe	$12,382,486	-$131 (refund)
International Paper	John Faraci	$12,303.423	-$249 (refund)
Total		**$417,101,772**	**-$7606** (refund)
Average		$16,684,071	-$304 (refund)

CEOs nationwide are reaping lavish rewards for their aggressive tax dodging. Of America's 100 corporations with the highest-paid CEOs, 25 paid their top executives more in compensation than they did in 2010 federal income taxes. These 25 CEOs averaged a salary of $16.7 million.

The most profitable of all the firms? General Electric. In 2010, GE alone received tax refunds of $3.3 billion despite a whopping $5.1 billion in U.S. pre-tax profits. CEO Jeff Immelt's 2009 compensation nearly doubled in 2010 as he raked in $15.2 million. Meanwhile, GE shut down 31 factories, reduced its workforce by 19,000 and cut pay and benefits for employees. GE also surpassed all other corporations in lobbying and political campaign spending. Its total investment in swaying politics to their advantage: $41.8 million.

	U.S. Pre-tax income, 2010 (million)	Global profits, 2010 (million)	Campaign contributions + lobbying expenditures
	-$183	$198	$260,000
	$4,057	$6,561	$6,744,051
	$2,884	$1,774	$3,535,101
	$21	$706	$427,676
	$2,363	$2,518	$2,256,689
	$746	$624	$1,472,795
	$11,921	$2,549	$18,702,392
	-$821	$2,310	$8,666,019
	$2,407	$3,195	$9,274,330
	$1,430	$1,097	$2,316,322
	$1,249	$2,022	$12,732,886
	$5,078	$11,644	$41,814,642
	$87	$357	$84,513
	-$273	$345	$2,543,768
	$3,804	$2,743	$2,440,875
	-$239	$625	$152,400
	-$296	$855	$1,162,397
	$4,310	$3,307	$20,814,348
	$265	$633	$3,895,121
	-$255	$7	$180,000
	$450	-$55	$3,947,948
	$591	$361	$721,600
	-$101	$633	$0
	$848	$1,801	$1,927,900
	$198	$644	$4,600,018
	$40,541	**$47,454**	**$150,673,791**
	$1,622	$1,898	$6,026,952

Source: Institute for Policy Studies

(continued from page 36)

The organization within the encampment was impressive. When a storm was about to hit, the OWS coordinating center disseminated the news. Ponchos and tarps were quickly distributed to everyone without any apparent difficulty.

Despite the wet weather, a march through the financial district took place as scheduled. An estimated 200 to 300 determined protesters chanted, "Banks got bailed out; we got sold out!" while getting pelted with rain.

Later that evening, filmmaker Michael Moore and hip-hop mogul Russell Simmons came to Zuccotti Park, renamed Liberty Plaza by the protesters. "I am so impressed by what I'm seeing here," Moore said. "You have done something very important and very historic. It had to happen somewhere. It might as well have been here."

Simmons was a little less enthusiastic: "I think they have to keep this completely nonviolent."

Moore and Simmons weren't the only big names to show up during the early days of the protest. MSNBC's Dylan Ratigan made a couple of visits. As his regular viewers might surmise, he did not hesitate to call our political system corrupt.

"The Occupy Wall Street movement and a wide variety of millions, hundreds of millions of other Americans are all scared, in my opinion, of a simple fact that a bought government will screw them over," Ratigan proclaimed. "The question is what do we want to do with our intention. People will say we need a policy agenda. Go with the Democrats or Republicans…that is where good intentions go to die."

Other A-listers included Naomi Klein, Alec Baldwin, Keith Olbermann, Geraldo Rivera (booed by the crowd), Kanye West and Al Sharpton.

By September 30, the number of people at Zuccotti Park increased dramatically. That was, in part, because of a rumor that Radiohead would be performing. That concert never materialized; announcing there'd be one was apparently a publicity stunt by OWS. But even with the news that Radiohead wouldn't be playing, our ranks continued to swell thanks to the Transport Workers Union and the United Federation of Teachers. The protest's demographics were changing.

We marched toward One Police Plaza—NYPD headquarters—in response to the pepper-spraying incident. The General Assembly determined it was supposed to be a silent protest. (The GA is where occupiers can discuss, propose and vote on ideas.)

As the 1,000-plus crowd headed toward One Police Plaza, people started to grumble. A rabble-rouser yelled, "Who decided this was silent?!"

(continued on page 40)

will she?
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(continued from page 39)

I hollered, "The General Assembly did."

The rabble-rouser complained, "Oh, so we were co-opted into this stupid rule!"

People in the back of the march began chanting, "Fuck the police! Fuck the police!" Shaking their heads in disapproval, other demonstrators remained silent. By the time we arrived at One Police Plaza, most of us were chanting.

We gathered in front of the U.S. Attorney's Office, where police blocked the entrance. Since the OWS movement had no permit to amplify sound, the protesters devised a "People's Microphone." Those making a speech talked slowly, one sentence at a time, and the listeners in the first row would repeat it, then the second row…and on and on. The words echoed through the whole plaza. Just when I thought they'd stopped, I'd hear them again from people even farther back.

OWS was pretty much ignored by the mainstream media until the Brooklyn Bridge march. The crowd was big—at least 3,000 people. Entering the span's pedestrian pathway with hundreds of others, I was astonished to see some demonstrators walking toward Brooklyn in the traffic lanes.

There were cops on the roadway, but they were backing up to let the protesters march forward. Looking down from the walkway, I saw Robert Cammiso. Here's what the Brooklynite told me later: "We were directed to go on the pedestrian walkway, which people did, but we had to go through an entryway that was only about 15 feet wide. So thousands of people were forced to go through this entryway, and the crowd started backing up. But now the roadway was closed off to traffic due to the march."

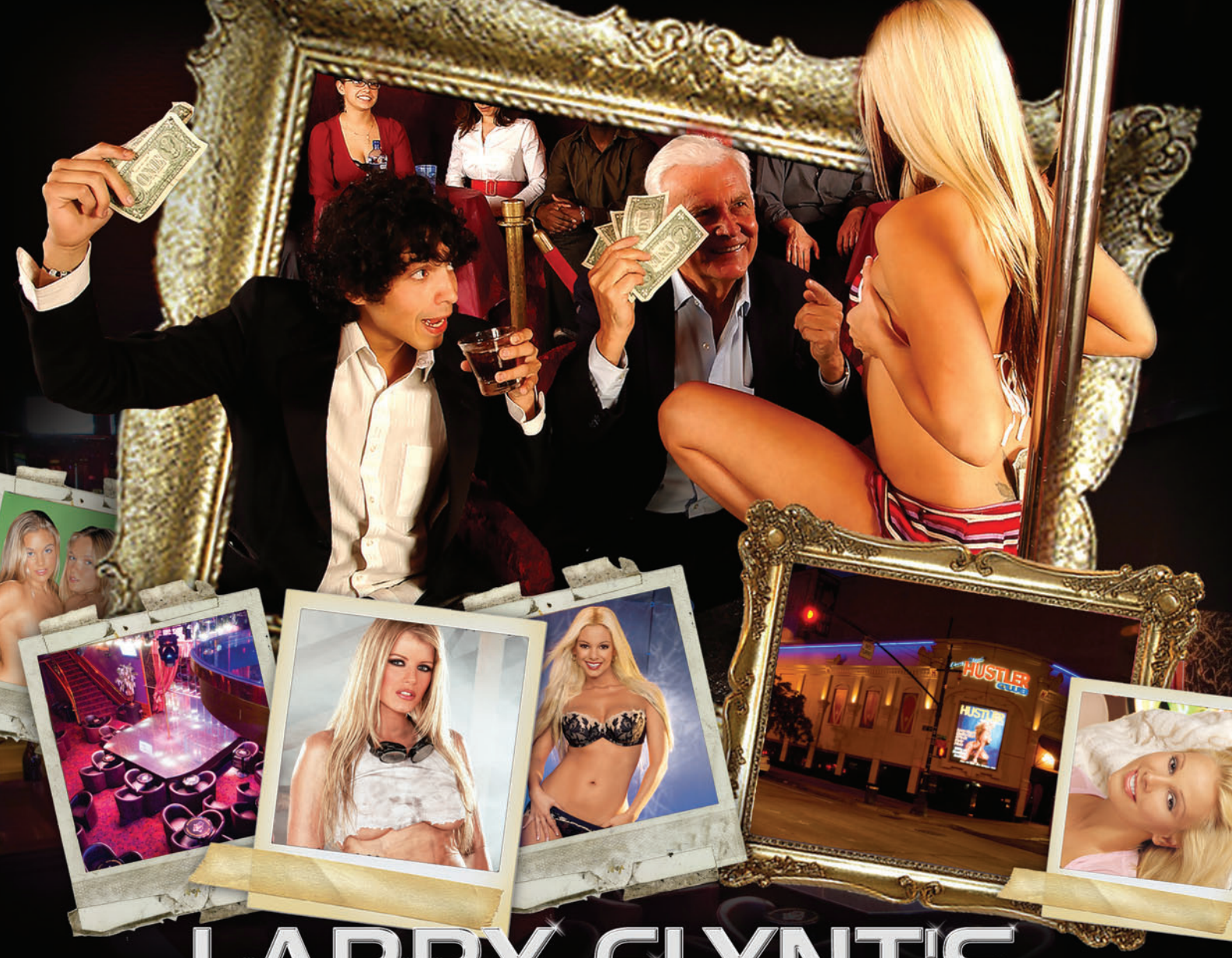
The protesters believed the NYPD had okayed their presence on the roadway. Besides, as Cammiso noted, the pedestrian pathway was getting way too crowded, thus forcing people into traffic lanes. Cammiso and other demon-

(continued on page 53)

OWS DEMANDS

A subgroup within Occupy Wall Street is challenging those critics who claim the movement lacks focus. On October 7, 2011, the Demands Working Group launched a Web site—Sites.Google.com/Site/The99PercentDeclaration/—touting its potential solutions to the problems caused by wealth inequality. The Demands Working Group is also calling for a national convention on July 4, 2012, to clarify and prioritize its grievances. The goal is to get 870 delegates from around the nation (435 men and 435 women) to ratify a platform that accurately expresses the concerns of Occupy Wall Street. The Demands Working Group's agenda includes ending private contributions to political campaigns, overturning the Supreme Court's Citizens United decision, instituting a fair tax code and creating a healthcare system that would cover all Americans.

Michael Moore and hip-hop mogul Russell Simmons



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OPEN UP AND SAY AHHH!, *PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO*

BOBBI STARR

A Day in the Life

MEET A PORN STAR WHO'S KINKY, ARTICULATE AND MORE THAN JUST A SEXUAL VIRTUOSO.

AT AROUND 10 A.M., I step into Bobbi Starr's cozy, one-bedroom apartment in L.A.'s Echo Park neighborhood. This section of the city is known for harboring a somewhat artsy community. In a small den, Bobbi is drinking coffee and holding a laptop computer. (As I learn later, she's constantly updating her Web site, **BobbiStarr.com**.)

"Be right with you," she says. Meanwhile, I sit down in the living room and chat with her boyfriend Sippi (short for Mississippi, the bearded dude's home state). In his late 20s, Sippi is a porn set designer and moonlighting artist who met Bobbi, more or less, on a blind date. Music was their initial common bond: Bobbi plays the oboe; Sippi plays cello, guitar and bass.

Clutching her laptop, Bobbi strolls into the living room. The 5-foot-8 brunette is wearing a red tank top and blue jeans, both of which fit her snugly. There's a healthy glow to her

Bobbi at home with boyfriend Sippi and (at right) eating breakfast.

Bobbi, beside her Evil Angel self (at left), following her Pasadena lecture and later shopping along Colorado Blvd.

PHOTOS BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

cheerful face, making Bobbi look much younger than her 28 years. Here's a woman who has starred in over 300 truly hard-core titles, typically featuring anal, DPs and/or gang-bangs. For someone who has been in a fast-lane business like porn for six years, she looks pretty good.

Bobbi lets me take a few photos in her humble abode. But before the two of us have a chance to even start a conversation, we're interrupted by a phone call.

"It was Christian Mann," she tells me after hanging up. "He just invited me to speak at a business luncheon in Pasadena being held by a club of CEOs." Mann is general manager of Evil Angel Productions. When Bobbi asks me if I want to tag along, I jump at the opportunity.

She quickly throws on a jacket, we say goodbye to Sippi (who's on his way to skateboard with friends, anyway), and we're off.

Hopping into my car, we head to Pasadena, a 20-minute ride. With the windows rolled down, a cool breeze blows Bobbi's shimmering, shoulder-length hair. I ask how a gal from Silicon Valley got into the whole porn business.

"Well, during my senior year," Bobbi recalls, "my college boyfriend showed me porn DVDs. I honestly had never seen pornography before I met him. I never knew that people had orgies. I never knew about sex clubs. But after watching enough porn, I was like, 'Wow! This is fascinating! I want to do this!'

"He said, 'If you really want to do it, I know some people in the industry.' He never said, 'You should do this!' Instead, he was like, 'If you decide you want to do porn, I can help you.' No pressure whatsoever."

While attending San Jose State University, Bobbi did fetish films for **Kink.com**. After graduating, she divided her time three ways: playing classical oboe in various Bay Area orchestras; teaching general music at a grammar school; and (talk about a career contrast!) shooting fuck flicks.

Bobbi eventually moved to L.A., where she spends ten days out of each month doing porn. "I eventually gave up my full-time music career for selfish reasons," she bluntly states. "I wanted to explore my fetishes, kinks, interests and curiosities. Simple as that."

I'm curious why Bobbi is so intent on speaking to a bunch of execs. "Well," she relates, "I recently started doing sex-educa-

***Starr struck**: Bobbi visibly speechless in* Open Up and Say Ahhh! *and (at bottom) driving home the movie's message in* Pervert.

PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

tion panels at colleges, where I discuss my porn work. I like to break down stereotypes frequently attached to adult performers. I mean, aside from having what I consider a normal family background, I'm not a dyed-in-the-wool exhibitionist. Also, no one forced me to do porn. And rather than dropping out of school, I got my four-year degree and had a successful career playing classical oboe."

Bobbi then reveals why she's such a great spokesperson for the adult industry: "I also point out in the lectures that pro-sex feminists like myself believe that exposure to pornography is just as important to women as it is to men."

My passenger directs me to a yuppie-ish Italian restaurant, and in we go. Bobbi and I end up seated across from each other at a long table on the second floor of the joint, away from the madding crowd.

This particular group of CEOs, all Asian men over 40 (prerequisites for being in the organization), meets once a month for lunch. On a rotating basis, each member must eventually invite a guest lecturer to discuss business matters in the L.A. area. And, as one of the group's CEOs owns a DVD authoring business in Porn Valley, he invited Evil Angel's Christian Mann to speak today.

Once all 20 or so members have ordered drinks and lunch from the three-entrée menu, it's time to get down to business. The group's president introduces Mann, who talks about porn as a legitimate enterprise. Afterward, he introduces Bobbi. As the group applauds, she stands up, expresses her thanks for the invitation and—no notes in sight—fires away.

"First off," Bobbi announces, "let me say that when I was growing up, there weren't any of the scary things that people talk about in connection with porn stars. Stuff like [*mimicking a frightened voice*], 'Oh, all girls who do porn must have had this [molestation] happen to them.' None of that."

As Bobbi proceeds to talk about doing fetish movies in San Francisco then conventional hard-core in Los Angeles, I nonchalantly look around. Some of the CEOs are rather austere-looking. Others seem simply shocked, as if pondering, *What is this woman doing here? Why can't we just hear a friggin' accountant speak?* Still others are grinning, as if thinking, *What a great idea: having a porn star pump up these boring luncheons!*

Bobbi is still speaking when lunch is served. Her words are now punctuated by the clatter of forks and knives as the CEOs dig in. But as Ms. Starr discusses her own business, the entrepreneurs all perk up.

"At the moment, I'm starting my own Web site and pay site," Bobbi says, "so this is my aspect of owning my own business. I'm my own brand, and no one can replicate that because there's only one me on this planet."

A brief Q&A session follows, during which one fiftyish gent pointedly asks, "How do your parents feel about your work?"

"My mom," Bobbi calmly responds, "has accepted what I do. But my dad? He wanted to come to Los Angeles and shoot everyone."

The group explodes with laughter. Obviously some of the men are fathers who can fully relate. Bobbi laughs too before continuing.

She explains, "People ask me all the time in interviews, 'What if your daughter decides to do porn?' and I tell them, 'I'd act the same way my dad did: knocking on their doors with a shotgun.' But that's a reflexive parental reaction. We'll do anything to prevent our children from coming into harm's way."

(continued on page 87)

PHOTO COURTESY LFP VIDEO

SEXY TRAILBLAZER

VANESSA VERACRUZ

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

Vanessa Veracruz doesn't like to stay in one place very long. "I love to travel," the lovely Latina marvels. "I was lucky enough that my boyfriend and I were able to take two years off for a major road trip. We drove all over, from California up to Canada and Alaska, then over to the East Coast, then down to Mexico, Belize and Costa Rica. We put a lot of miles on our car. It was an amazing trip."

Besides motoring around the Western Hemisphere, **Vanessa** enjoys listening to '80s music (particularly the Go-Go's and the Bangles) and watching funny movies (*Young Frankenstein* and the first two *Harold & Kumar* adventures). She also cherishes escaping into good literature. "I read a lot," the unorthodox beauty discloses. "My favorite books are probably *Into the Wild* and *To Kill a Mockingbird*."

Don't mistake her for a timid bookworm, though. "My most memorable sexual encounter was probably the time my partner and I had sex at a nudist colony," **Vanessa** confides. "All the other couples around us were watching and getting turned on. The whole place was totally quiet, and no one moved until we finished."

Vanessa used to have a long list of sexual fantasies, but they've all been checked off. "I've been quite naughty," she admits. "I always saw myself as being attracted to both sexes, but I hadn't done anything about it until recently. I just had an amazing experience with two pretty girls, making slow passionate love to them while my partner watched. Eventually he joined in!"

There's no debating that **Vanessa Veracruz** treasures every moment. "Life is a special gift," she avows. "It's such a blessing to have a chance to experience happiness, laughter, passion, joy and love. I enjoy each and every day as if it were my last."

VANESSA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 115

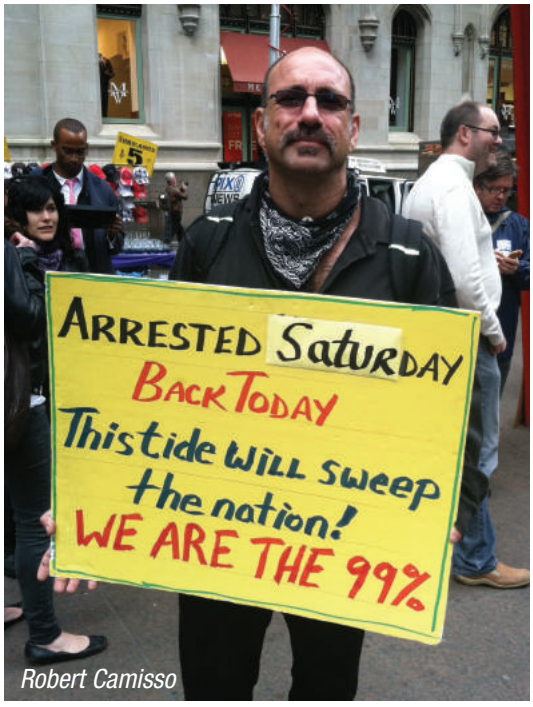
For more Vanessa Veracruz, hunt down *Barely Legal #123* and *This Ain't American Chopper XXX* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

(continued from page 40)

strators all agreed there was only one warning, which nobody could hear. Then the police stopped them at the midpoint of the bridge.

The marchers tried to retreat, but behind them, cops had appeared with the kind of red nets used to ensnare protesters. I yelled, "What's going on down there?!"

Someone stammered, "They're getting arrested!"



Robert Camisso

Looking over a railing, I saw a line of cops peeling protesters away one by one then taking them to waiting vans and buses. Chants erupted: "Let them go!" "The whole world is watching!" "We got you on tape!" That last chant was mine. In response, a white-shirted commander looked up. Pointing directly at me, he barked, "We need to get those guys up there!" I bailed. Cammiso was handcuffed but not read his Miranda rights. In all, about 700 people were arrested.

By the end of the second week, the groups in charge of first aid, food, information, comfort, sanitation and media had become even more effective. Early on, a company had donated a large charging machine for cell phones, but the only generator was reserved for the media. Now there were multiple generators for the entire encampment.

At first, the kitchen cooks used only raw and dry foods, but within a week, they were serving chili and beans thanks to a portable electric oven. Occasionally, I would see the sanitation group sweeping debris and hauling garbage bags away. Meanwhile, the first aid group had a wide array of over-the-counter medications.

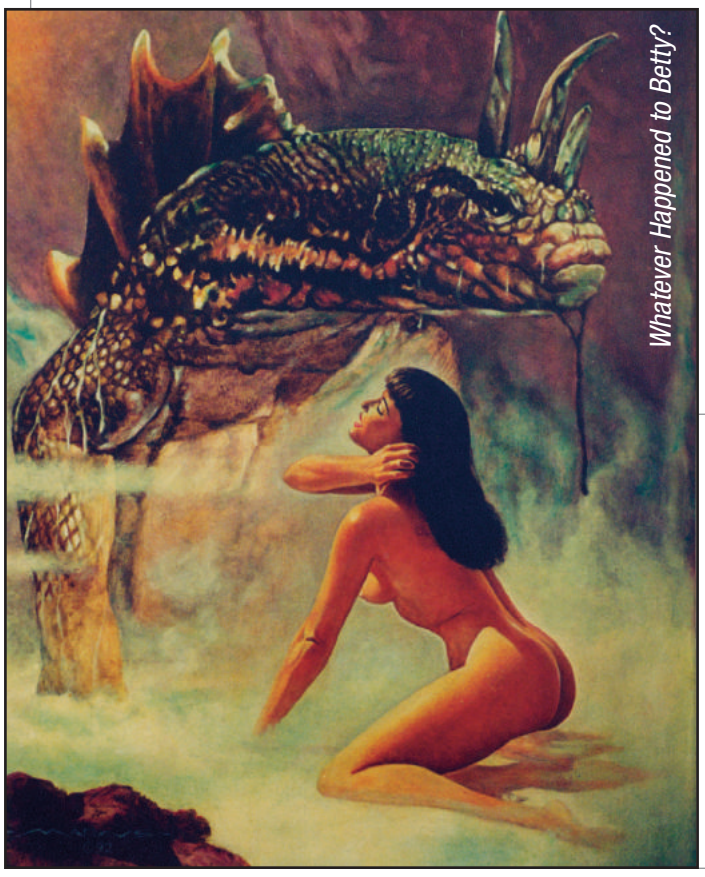
My only problem was with the Occupy media group shortly after my arrival. They showed no interest in my HUSTLER press credentials or my suggestion that I might be able to get OWS radio time. (I was thinking of *The Alex Bennett Program* on Sirius-XM Left 127. Alex had invited me to call in.) The media volunteers seemed to think they were royalty. When I asked a guy named Justin if I could interview him for a story, he replied, "If

(continued on page 64)

"Go ahead, lady. Write your congressman! We gave him $120,000 this year!"

Alien Seduction

Warrior Woman



Whatever Happened to Betty?

Queen of the Underworld

MARCUS BOAS

SORCERER OF IMAGINATION

Dragon Lady

AS A TEENAGER, Marcus Boas knew he wanted to be an artist. Inspired by the animated films of Walt Disney, the lifelong New Yorker started taking art classes at the Manhattan campus of Pace University. But by the time Boas transferred to the Pan American Art School, his interests had shifted from Disney to the adventures of Sinbad, Tarzan and other big-screen heroes. He also developed an interest in the writings of Robert E. Howard—the creator of *Conan the Barbarian*—and the comic book work of Jim Steranko. While still in college, Boas was hired to do magazine and paperback covers.

After graduating from art school, Boas was introduced to the "heroic fantasy" art of Frank Frazetta. The renowned sword-and-sorcery illustrator would ultimately have the greatest influence on Boas's artwork.

Boas's paintings visualize a comic book nerd's wet dream by juxtaposing voluptuous women with either alpha males or diabolical creatures. Whether it is the gorgeous girl, the frightening monster or the exquisite details, Boas's masterpieces are sure to evoke a reaction.

Success in the "heroic fantasy" field has enabled Boas to pursue side projects as well. From 1984 to 1986, he published the first three volumes of his own aptly titled magazine *Heroic Fantasy*. Boas has also left his mark on movie posters, specifically the kung fu flicks *Iron Finger* (starring Bruce Li) and *Dragon's Infernal Showdown* (starring Dragon Lee). His magazine work includes numerous contributions to *Heavy Metal*.

Currently, Boas takes commissions and works exclusively with Kaso Comics. To see more of the artist's incredible portfolio or to purchase one of his "heroic fantasy" prints, head to **KasoComics.com**.

WELCOME TO THE MAGICAL WORLD OF "HEROIC FANTASY" ART.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE.NET

BRIANA BLAIR

To the great dismay of men around the world, **Briana Blair** has decided to walk away from the adult business. The beautiful blonde announced her retirement in July 2011, but she was kind enough to grace the pages of HUSTLER one final time.

"I'm just ready for a new challenge," **Briana** explains. "I don't want people to think I regret my time modeling and performing, because I definitely don't! I had so much fun, and I got to meet a lot of awesome people!"

Looking back on stripping down for magazine layouts and sucking cock on film, **Briana** marvels, "It was cool being able to explore my wild sexual side. I was raised by fairly conservative parents, so working in porn was this totally new frontier for me. I got to do all the stuff I'd been secretly fantasizing about!"

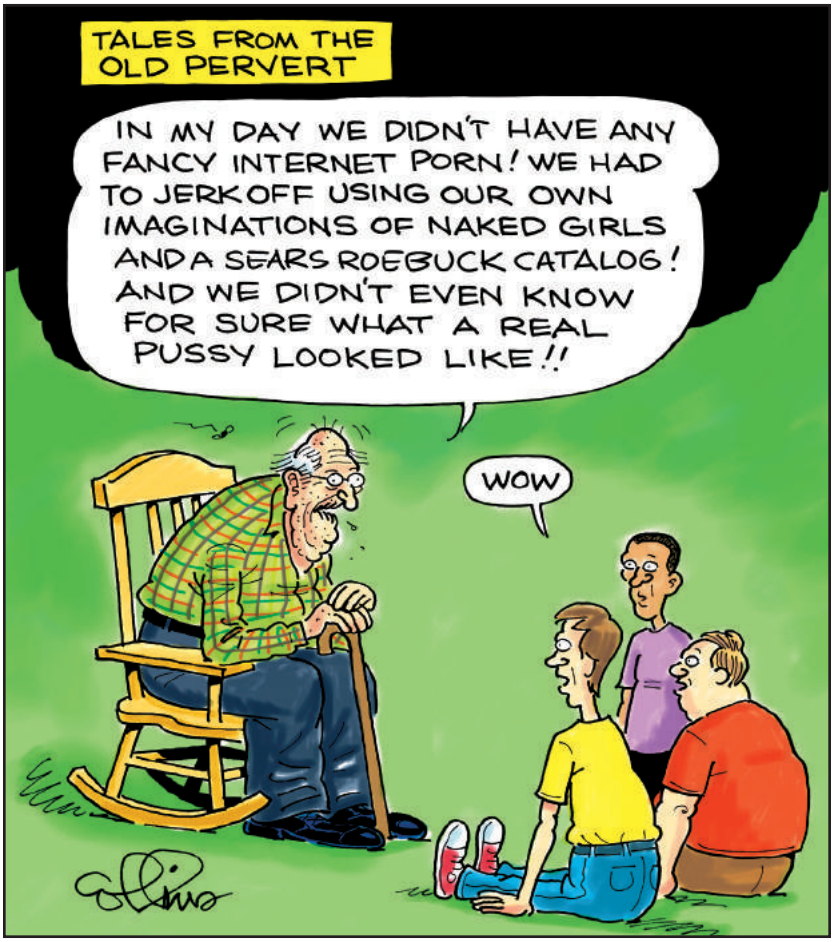
Briana entered the skin biz in 2009 on the heels of another career change. The Southern sexpot had been a cheerleader for the NBA's Atlanta Hawks. "That was a fun chapter of my life," she reminisces. "I still love sports, and I've always enjoyed getting lots of attention!"

As for the future, **Briana** coos, "I'm honestly not sure what I'll do next."

Whatever this gorgeous gal ends up doing, there's no doubt she'll continue turning heads.

BRIANA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Atlanta | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 110

Craving more Briana Blair? We recommend *This Ain't Intervention XXX*, *This Ain't Celebrity Fit Club: Boot Camp XXX* and *Barely Legal #104*. All are available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.


TALES FROM THE OLD PERVERT
IN MY DAY WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY FANCY INTERNET PORN! WE HAD TO JERKOFF USING OUR OWN IMAGINATIONS OF NAKED GIRLS AND A SEARS ROEBUCK CATALOG! AND WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE WHAT A REAL PUSSY LOOKED LIKE!!
WOW

"I can't make you a virgin again, but I can line up a bunch of guys who've never fucked you before. Same thing."

(continued from page 53)

I gave all my time doing interviews to all the press, the whole revolution would end."

It wasn't until the end of my two-week stay that I finally snagged an interview with an OWS spokesperson. Media coordinator Thorin "Thor" Caristo told me that a private investor had provided a few thousand dollars for OWS to provide live streaming at **LiveStream.com/OccupyWallStNYC**. "I believe in the potential of getting this out to the world," Caristo said, "and the task of getting it out to the world was probably the most essential part of this whole process."

On October 5—day 19 of the occupation—NYU students walked out of class in solidarity with the Occupy movement. The plan was to march to Foley Square, where supporters from the Transport Workers Union, AFL-CIO and the Teamsters were having a rally. I estimate 10,000 people were on hand, by far the largest crowd I had seen since my arrival.

Once the last speech was delivered, everyone headed back to Zuccotti Park. Even though OWS had secured a permit to march with union members, the NYPD blocked most of the route with barricades, leaving very little space to maneuver. Being in the front ranks, I saw no apparent problems with the NYPD, but later I learned that dozens of marchers had been hit with batons, pepper-sprayed and arrested.

There were, of course, other incidents of police excess: baton attacks against peacefully assembled demonstrators, mounted police charging the crowds at Times Square, a cop on a moped running over a demonstrator then bloodying him up when he kicked the cycle off his leg.

I captured one incident on video. (You can find it at **LarryFlynt.com**.) We were returning from a march on Citibank when an NYPD officer ordered an older female demonstrator to move along then repeatedly shoved her—apparently because she wasn't moving fast enough in the jam-packed crowd. When the woman's male companion came to her defense, both were hustled off by the officer, presumably to be arrested. It was ugly and unnecessary.

Moments earlier, two college-age men had been detained by police simply because they were wearing Guy Fawkes masks. As this was happening, the marching protesters stopped to see what was going on. That's when the police moved in on the woman and her companion.

At first, the NYPD line officers had been friendly. After all, they too are part of the 99%. It was their commanders—the white shirts—who were the outright pricks. (Pepper-sprayer Anthony Bologna was a white shirt.)

Pam Martens of CounterPunch (**CounterPunch.org**) believes that NYPD commanders may be owned by Wall Street. Back in 1998, when Rudy Giuliani was mayor, the Paid Detail Unit was created within the NYPD. An under-the-radar arrangement allows Wall Street banks—or any major corporation—to hire uniformed NYPD officers with the ease of a phone call. Goldman Sachs, the New York Stock Exchange and (before its demise) Lehman Brothers are all known to have used the Paid Detail Unit. Martens claims corporations paid NYPD officers $11.8 million in 2011 alone.

(continued on page 151)

HUSTLER

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BUTT BABES CHEEKY ROUNDUP

PHOTOGRAPHER DAVE NAZ FOCUSES ON A MESMERIZING FEMININE ASSET.

Sasha Grey in a backyard. Nicotine under a lemon tree. Gigi Rivera on a beach towel. What do they all have in common? Great asses! And they're proudly baring them in *Butt Babes*, Dave Naz's sixth volume of erotic photos from Goliath Books.

Gazing through the glossy, 200-plus pages of full-color images is like spending an afternoon with every hot chick you've ever fantasized about, every ex-girlfriend you miss, every crush you've had since junior high. That's because Naz has assembled more than 50 of the world's most gorgeous women in natural settings and familiar places, such as lounging by a swimming pool and standing at a kitchen sink. One by one, the immodest ladies strike come-hither poses, ever so coyly showing off their backsides while giving over-the-shoulder, knowing glances to whomever is out there.

Many of the hotties are casually dressed in everyday clothes, which only makes their ass-baring all the more spectacular. Sporty outfits, pajamas, jeans and bathing suits always look better when they're being pulled down to reveal a nice set of glorious glutes. Not that there's anything amiss about the attire of the other *Butt Babes* gals who are bedecked in an assortment of nylons, garters, short-shorts and thigh-high boots. Naz has captured the perfect combination of the shy and the brazen.

This book is a must-have for anyone who enjoys young beauties with a nice, full behind. For more information or to order a copy of *Butt Babes*, go to **GoliathBooks.com**.

Kit

DISCOVERING HERSELF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

SABRINA MAREE

Sabrina Maree, who studied psychology in college, is fascinated by what makes people tick. For an intriguing subject, she doesn't have to look beyond her own mirror. "I'm full of contradictions," Sabrina admits. "Like how I'm not very aggressive about chasing guys, but once I get one into bed, it's fun to dominate!"

Looking back at her past, Sabrina reveals, "I was born in Wilton, a tiny cow town south of Sacramento. There's one bar—the Wrangler—and only one stoplight, and it's pretty new."

These humble beginnings inspired Sabrina to see the world. "I've visited a lot of Europe—Germany, France, Italy," she notes. "And I've been to Mexico, Barbados, Tahiti and a lot of other places. I've lived in New Zealand and Great Britain. London is my favorite place in the world!"

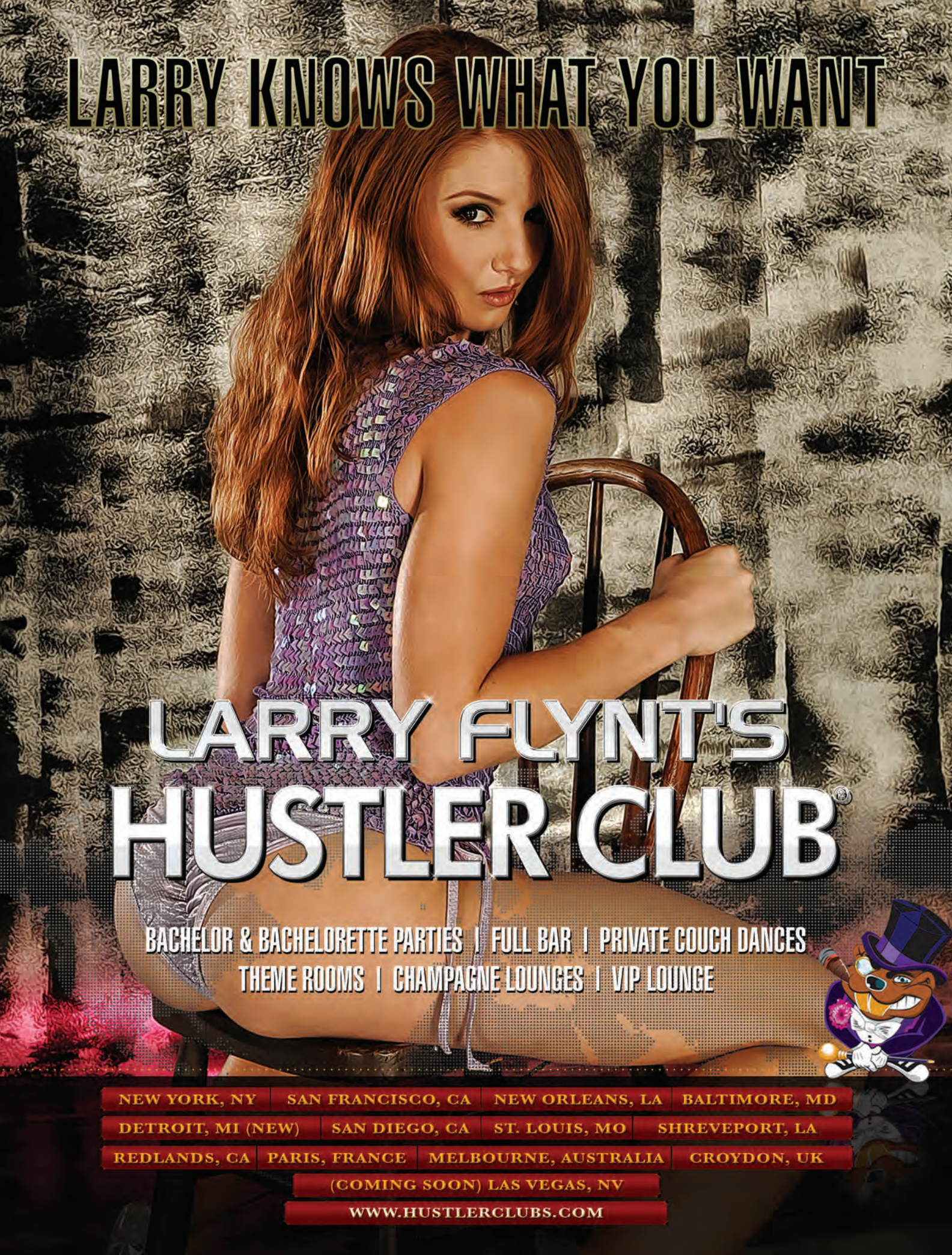
Sabrina is scouring the globe for any and all experiences. "I'm constantly pursuing new things, new places, new people. I want to see, hear, touch, taste and feel everything I can. I really love Anaïs Nin's views on life." (Nin, whose lovers included Henry Miller, was a controversial, taboo-busting writer of erotica.)

The introspective beauty's ongoing journey of self-exploration recently yielded a major breakthrough. "I was finally able to achieve an orgasm from sex without any toys or masturbation involved," Sabrina exults. "The funny thing is it wasn't from vaginal sex. This kind of blows my mind, but I had my first unassisted orgasm doing anal!"

Sabrina is full of surprises, and here's another. "I'm a huge Nickelback fan," Sabrina remarks about the oft-derided Canadian rock band. "People around me know how obsessed I am, so they're always telling me, 'When I think of Nickelback, I think of Sabrina Maree!'"

SABRINA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Wilton, California | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 113

For more Sabrina Maree, check out *This Ain't the Bachelor XXX* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.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A professor was reading aloud passages from *The Canterbury Tales* to his English literature class when he noticed a male student dozing in the back row. The professor was so annoyed that he sent the hardbound book spinning through the air until it bounced off the sleepyhead's skull.

Abruptly awakened, the student asked what had hit him. "That," the professor sternly replied, "was a flying Chaucer."

After Bill screwed his devout wife for the first time—on their wedding night—he rolled off her and asked, "Did our sex make you see God?"

She answered, "Not only did I *not* see God, but I'm now an Atheist! Fuck me again, my lord!"

Question: What's yellow and green and smells like cum?

Answer: A cocksucker's vomit.

On his way to mass, a young Catholic boy was hit by a car as he crossed a street. The driver jumped out in horror. Afraid the kid might die, he asked, "Do you want me to get a priest?"

The boy opened his eyes, looked up at the man and gasped, "How can you possibly think about sex at a time like this?"

A fortyish fellow went into a bookstore and asked the salesgirl, "Do you have the new book for men with short penises? I'm sorry, but I can't remember the title."

She replied, "I'm not sure it's in yet."

"Yeah, that's the book!" the customer exclaimed. "I'll take a copy!"

While on a singles cruise, Ed fell head over heels for Nancy. Afterward, they began dating. The lovebirds went to restaurants, movies, concerts and museums. One evening, convinced that Nancy was Miss Right, Ed invited the gal out to dinner with the intention of asking her to marry him.

After finishing their hearty meals, Ed announced, "I guess you can tell I'm in love with you, Nancy. But before I ask you a life-changing question, it's only fair to warn you that I'm a total golf nut. I play golf; I read about golf; I watch golf on TV. In short, I eat, sleep and breathe golf. If that's going to be a problem, you'd better say so now."

Nancy responded, "Ed, that won't be a problem at all. I love golf too. But as long as we're being totally honest with each other, you need to know that for the past four years I've been a hooker."

"That's nothing to be ashamed of," Ed assured her. "You're just not keeping your wrists straight when you hit the ball."

A henpecked husband came home from work and headed straight to the bathroom, where he found his naked wife admiring her breasts in the mirror. "What the hell are you doing?" he wondered.

"I went to the doctor today," the missus explained, "and he told me I have the breasts of a 25-year-old."

Hubby asked, "Well, what did he say about your 50-year-old ass?"

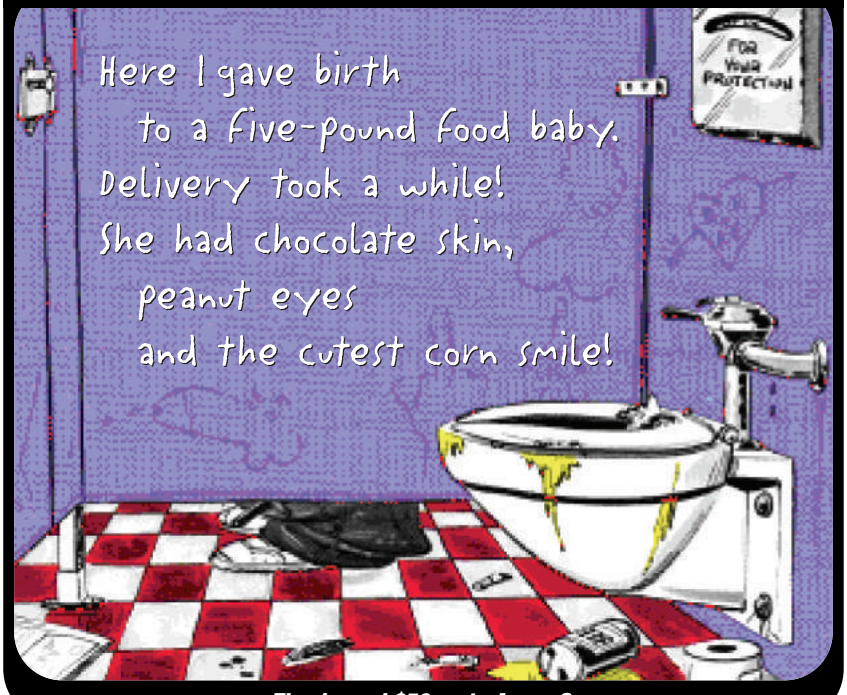
The wife shot back, "Actually, your name never came up."

Question: Why do men ask for a woman's hand in marriage?

Answer: Because they're tired of using their own.

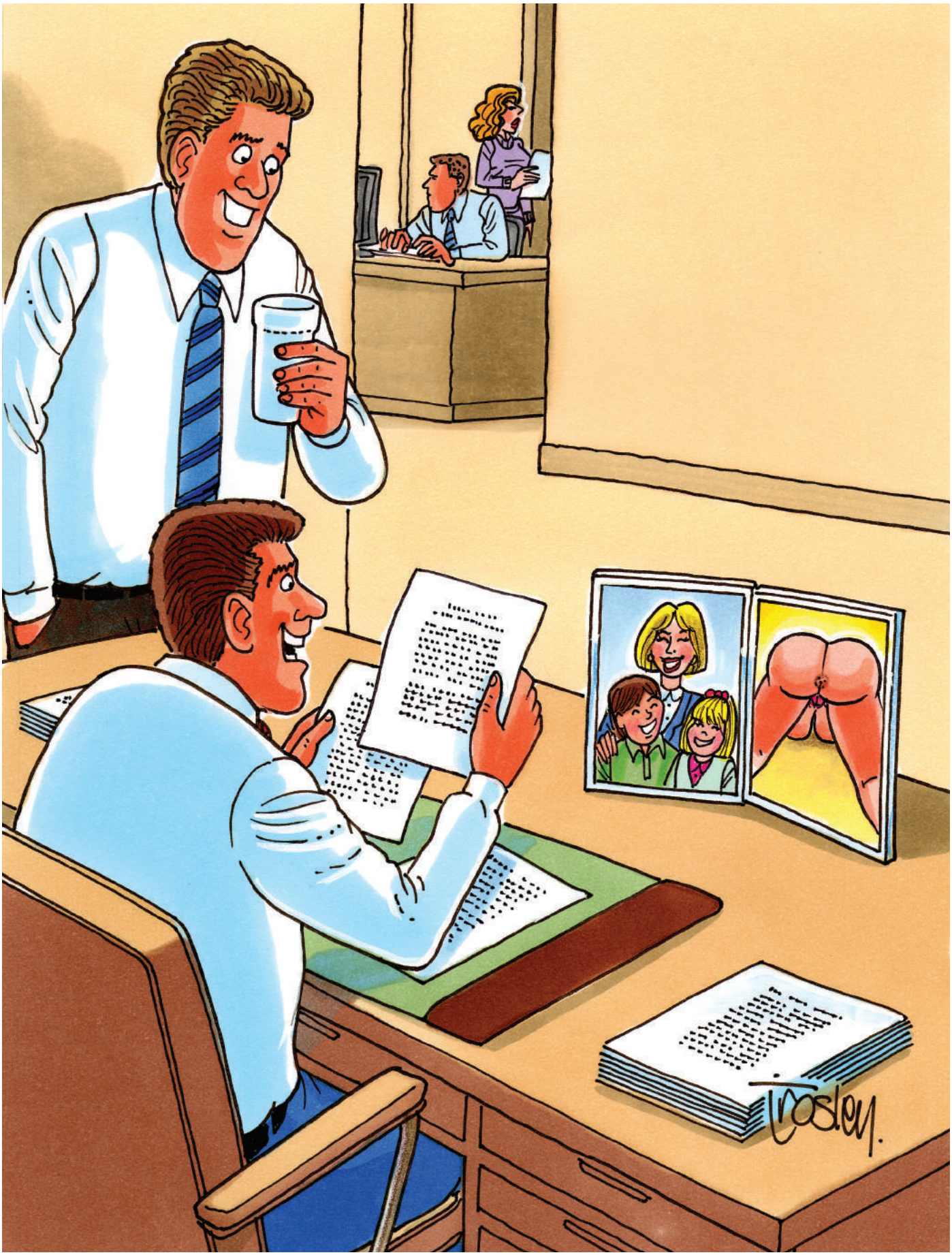
Worried that she was getting long in the tooth, Sally asked her husband, "When you're out of town on business, do you think about me?" Apparently, "Only to stop myself from coming too quickly" wasn't the right answer.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Aaron S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Yes, that's Cindy and the kids...and Kim Kardashian."

ROAD RASH

MEMOIRS OF A U2 BODYGUARD

David Guyer, circa 2001. (also on opposite page)

*The following is an excerpt from the book **Road Rash With U2**, which the author touts as "the story of the two-time convict who ended up guarding the rich and famous for over 20 years."*

U2 (from left, The Edge, Larry Mullen Jr., Bono and Adam Clayton) performing during their 2001 Elevation Tour.

DAVID GUYER PHOTOS BY LISA BROWN

U2 PHOTO COURTESY ASSOCIATED PRESS

I WAS A BOUNCER IN LOS ANGELES, working the local clubs and discos, happily beating the shit out of any idiot who dared fuck up in my presence. I drank all the time, did cocaine, banged all kinds of women...

One of those women had once fucked George "Bad to the Bone" Thorogood. We'll call her Ninja for the sake of privacy. George and Ninja remained friends throughout the years even though, it was my understanding, they only fucked once.

Anyhow, it was early 1991, and Ninja heard of an upcoming tour with George and the Destroyers, so she pitched me for the gig of bodyguard. I interviewed and, Jesus be praised, got the job touring with the band for six weeks. They were a good bunch of boys who hardly drank and were not bad to the bone.

I was.

With multiple black belts, I must have knocked out well over 50 people in my days of bouncing. I enjoyed every shot to the chin I delivered. It was fun and served me well in creating my legacy as a badass fucking bodyguard. But, even at the age of 28, I had no idea what it really took to get where I wanted to go.

With the Destroyers, my job—at least, as I saw it—was to protect George from anything and everything. Their stage was at least 25 feet high, with a pit directly in front, much like a moat. The pit was the barrier between the stage and the audience, and you'd think that nobody would try to climb 25 feet of scaffolding and navigate an eight-foot gap that dropped 25 feet straight down.

Well, some asshole did. I was in front of 20,000 people in

WHAT A TALE! SEX, DRUGS, ROCK 'N' ROLL

Milwaukee when this idiot was about to hit the stage. *Not on my shift*, I thought.

After landing on the stage and having a second of glory, he found himself on the receiving end of a kick to his solar plexus—with his and my combined momentum. It felt good—on my end, at least—and was delivered with absolute precision. As my kick found its target, I heard the crowd give out a loud "WOOOOOOOW!" and "OOOOOOOHHHH!"

The asshole went flying through the air. He resembled a crash test dummy that had hit a sledgehammer at about 30 miles per hour. Air exited his body hastily as the shock tremors etched their way across his face. Then he fell backwards into the abyss.

When the guy's head bounced off the scaffolding, I thought he'd broken his neck, given the way his head swung violently back and forth. I heard the thump of his skull on the steel despite the noise of the crowd and the band that continued to play. Immediately afterwards, I casually backed up and into my observation position.

I thought I did a great job. The band and management, however, thought otherwise. George and the gang never said shit to me afterwards. They just smiled at me and were very polite for the rest of the tour. But afterwards, they never called me back. To them, I was a liability.

The following year, I found myself in Lakeland, Florida, during the beginning of U2's Zoo TV Tour. I would ultimately be one of [the Irish rock band's] regular bodyguards, but my first assignment was to look after drummer Larry Mullen Jr. A shy, reserved, frail, analytical fellow, Larry felt totally ill at ease with his status as a rock star, absolutely hating the attention he got offstage.

From the moment we met, Larry knew that I was deeply committed to his safety. I was his samurai. And since he was a real looker, I got all the attention from the hottest pussy the tour could muster. But I soon learned it was politically incorrect to fuck the fans. Yes, dear U2 aficionados, hear it loud and clear: The band never fucked any groupies.

I hardly ever saw any of U2's members plastered. But one time, bassist Adam [Clayton] got beyond wasted. He didn't answer the phone in his room. Finally, we obtained keys from the hotel staff. I wasn't the first in, but what I saw was the man in a white hotel robe, lying facedown upon the sofa, head cocked to the right, chin hanging off the side of the couch. Drool and vomit speckled his face; he'd blown chunks onto the carpet and table. The whole minibar had been raided.

What we had here was a crisis. It was decided, however, to nurse Adam in the hotel room as opposed to rushing him to the emergency room, which would have been a political clusterfuck. No, no! Can't tarnish the band's pristine image! Plus, we had a show the next day in Australia.

Scotty, a member of our security staff, took charge of Adam. Evidently, the musician had been ordering all the porn he could that night, then called for hookers in his drunken state, getting wrong numbers. He missed the first night in Sydney, so one of our techs took the stage. Adam did manage to make the show the next night, hungover and all.

After the final show, we did the typical runner, meaning we'd go from stage, to cars, to airport, to plane with nothing in between. I had to schlep all of Larry's bags from the car, through the airport terminal and then security. I always got odd looks from screeners, as if I were Larry's pack mule.

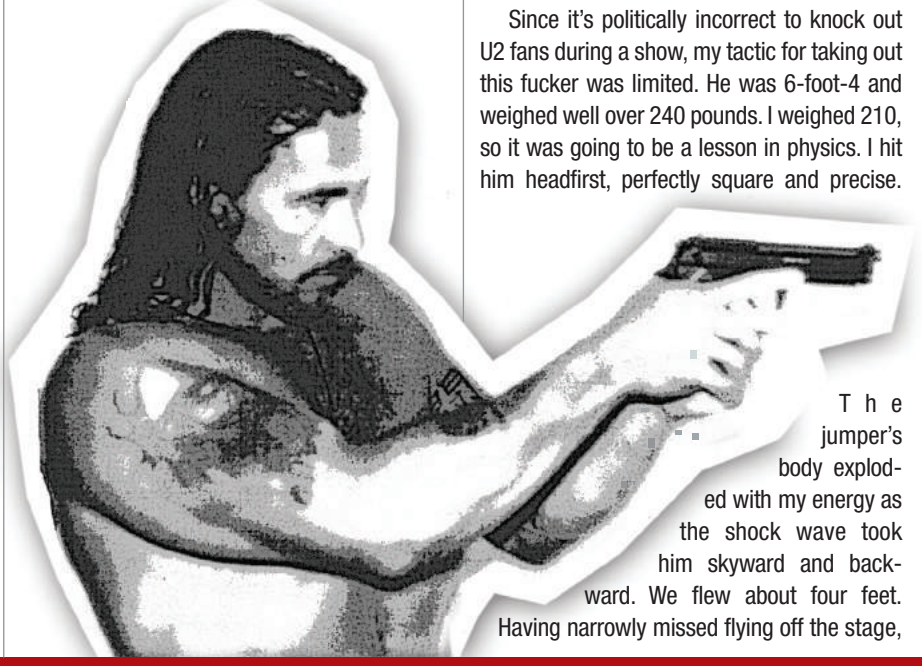
So, aside from being his bodyguard, I was also his bag boy. Kind of stupid, eh? I mean, what about a threat approaching? And here I am, weighed down with all of his trash. I figured I'd just throw his bags at a would-be attacker, then tackle him.

In terms of the group's world-famous lead singer, turns out the young, mullet-headed Bono had been constantly picked on in school and tormented by bullies. I heard from one of his childhood friends that they'd once hung him from a tree. Trust me, I understand what it's like to be fucked with at school. Like Bono, I had a temper that was beyond extreme, which is why I wound up fighting tens of times on the playground asphalt. Bigger kids, two or more kids, it didn't matter. I almost always beat the shit out of my adversaries by virtue of sheer meanness and tenacity. Anyhow, I could see that Bono also had that spirit in him although we did things differently.

Like this one concert in Boston during U2's 2001 Elevation Tour. The band was playing "One," a beautiful tune that typically keeps the crowd quiet and unassuming. A dance number where you shed a tear. Or finger your old lady.

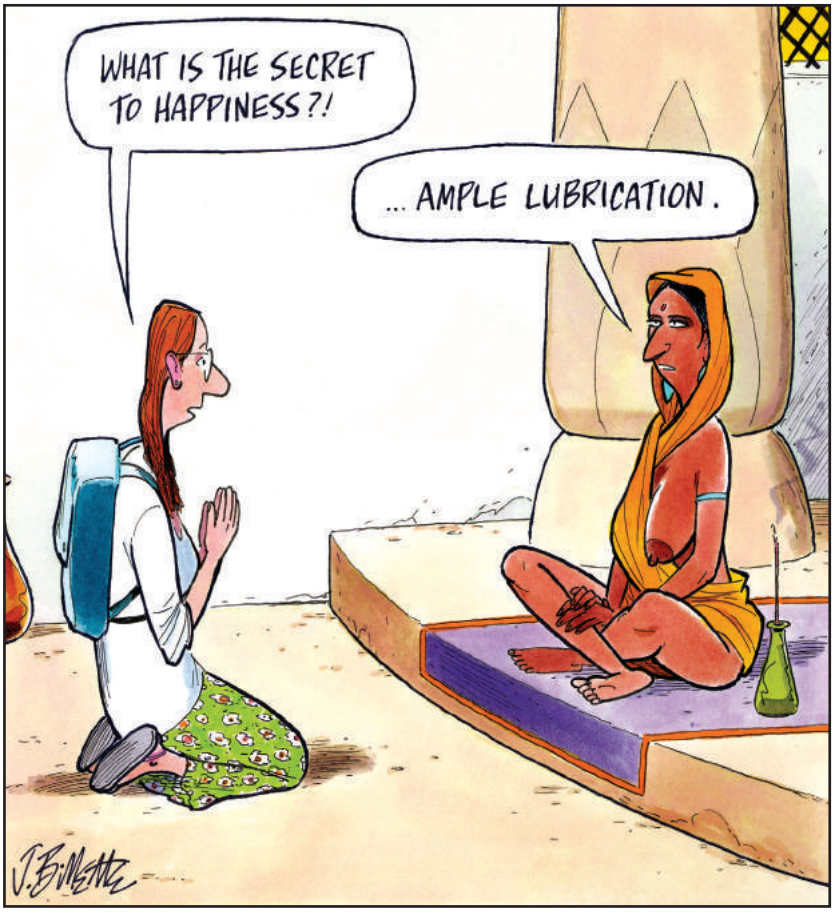
I, however, assume nothing. Apparently neither did the asshole who decided he was going to make himself famous—if only for one night. I saw him from my perch. Reaching the end of the B-stage barricade, he was making the leap, which would put him onto the stage and, obviously, in close proximity to the band. I was already in battle mode when the radio lit up with the words "Jumper! JUMPER!" My quarry hit the B-stage and was now racing toward U2. I had to time it perfectly or I'd look like a complete asshole in front of about 20,000 fans, not to mention the band.

Since it's politically incorrect to knock out U2 fans during a show, my tactic for taking out this fucker was limited. He was 6-foot-4 and weighed well over 240 pounds. I weighed 210, so it was going to be a lesson in physics. I hit him headfirst, perfectly square and precise.



The jumper's body exploded with my energy as the shock wave took him skyward and backward. We flew about four feet. Having narrowly missed flying off the stage,

AND HARD-POUNDING ULTRAVIOLENCE.



I came to a complete and abrupt halt at the edge, landing perfectly in the mount position, my forearm smashing down on his windpipe. At this point I started to choke the shit out of him with a controlled rage that usually makes me want to come.

I could hear the crowd roar with approval after witnessing a world-class takedown. The jumper, who couldn't move, quickly regained consciousness.

Suddenly, I felt a dull thud on the back of my head and shoulders, a ladylike strike that didn't hurt—or maybe I was just so amped, I didn't feel it. I looked to my right while riding the 6-foot-4 Bostonian jackass. Bono was smacking me in the back with his fucking guitar. I let the jerk up. It sickened me as this big asshole ran to bear-hug Bono, spinning him in a circle. That's when I began hating Bono, who, by the way, never apologized for hitting me with his guitar. Anyhow, when the band wasn't looking, the fanboy was ejected from the show.

As far as sex on the road goes, I specifically recall one night in Vancouver. After tucking Larry into bed, I shut his door and turned toward my room to see a blonde with large hooters and wearing a mink. "My God, you're beautiful," was all I could utter. She smiled back, asking, "Like a date?"

I let her into my room, not quite believing what I was about to fuck: She was HUSTLER, *Penthouse*, *Playboy*—each and every fantasy that I'd ever jerked off to. I was stunned that she actually sold such exquisite pussy. But she did. And I paid gladly!

The blonde began sucking my cock. Then I fucked her for all it was worth, gazing upon her large tits swaying back and forth. I slammed my prick deep and hard into her, trying to make the condom break so the sperm would shoot high up into her pussy. She pretended I was the best ever. And I believed her, as she left me with a pair o' drained balls and a grin from ear to ear.

I was snoring away with pussy juice on my lips and cum dripping from my balls when the phone rang. It was Larry asking if we had cereal for the morning. Yeah, sure. Just let me wipe my dick off, and I'll call room service and get your fucking milk and cereal. I lit a fatty and smiled.

Larry, of course, wouldn't touch the pussy. He wouldn't have a thing to do with the fans. Not like Megadeth, who'd fuck all the farmers' daughters and leave 'em gaping and cum-stained as they plundered every willing and able cunt the town had to offer.

But that's another tale…

Possessing multiple black belts, California native David Guyer has provided security for George Thorogood, U2, Nine Inch Nails and other top-flight bands. A self-proclaimed "no bullshitter" and an occasional HUSTLER contributor, Guyer admits that he loves his women "naked and spirited." *Road Rash With U2* ($6.49, paperback or digital download) can be purchased at **Lulu.com**.

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MOVIE Mammaries

BOOB TUBE BOOBS! PART 1

We love TV almost as much as we love porn. The new fall season is packed with a bumper crop of beautiful boobs on some of the finest females we've seen in years. Sadly, nudity is prohibited on mainstream television. (Damn you, network censors!) Luckily for us, many of the current TV season's hottest stars have offered up copious amounts of flesh on the big screen.

Jaime Pressly returns to TV as a frustrated mom in the hilarious sitcom *I Hate My Teenage Daughter*. But the onetime leading lady of *My Name Is Earl* did her best (we mean breast) work years earlier. In *Poison Ivy: The New Seduction* (1997) she played a teenage temptress with eyes for an older man. Pressly spends the bulk of that movie wearing nothing more than a thong with her prime peaks on full display. The one scene where she pours champagne all over her tits is enough to make you pop your cork.

You would think that a series titled *The Playboy Club* would offer tons of naked chicks, but it didn't. (Maybe that's why the NBC show was just canceled.) *The Playboy Club* did, however, showcase the ultrasexy actress **Amber Heard** as a bunny. Before strapping on a fuzzy tail, she played a topless stoner chick taking part in a threeway with two dudes in 2009's *The Informers*. Heard can also be seen topless as a skinny-dipper in *Alpha Dog* (2006) and during an accidental nip slip on the *Friday Night Lights* (2004) special features DVD.

After years of failed series and forgotten art films, quirky actress **Zooey Deschanel** finally hit TV pay dirt with her hit comedy *The New Girl*. But our favorite moment from Zooey's risqué résumé is the independent flick *Gigantic* (2008). Why? Is it the top-notch acting and well-crafted story? Nope. It's because we get to see Zooey's small but mighty breasts during a naked pool party. For some odd reason, all of the nude work was shot from a distance. What director worth a shit doesn't know about the zoom lens?!

Remember, HUSTLER continually delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and television—including some starlets who are now old enough to take it all off legally. We welcome your input and suggestions. If there's a famous hottie you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***. We may put her in the magazine.

ZOOEY DESCHANEL
GIGANTIC

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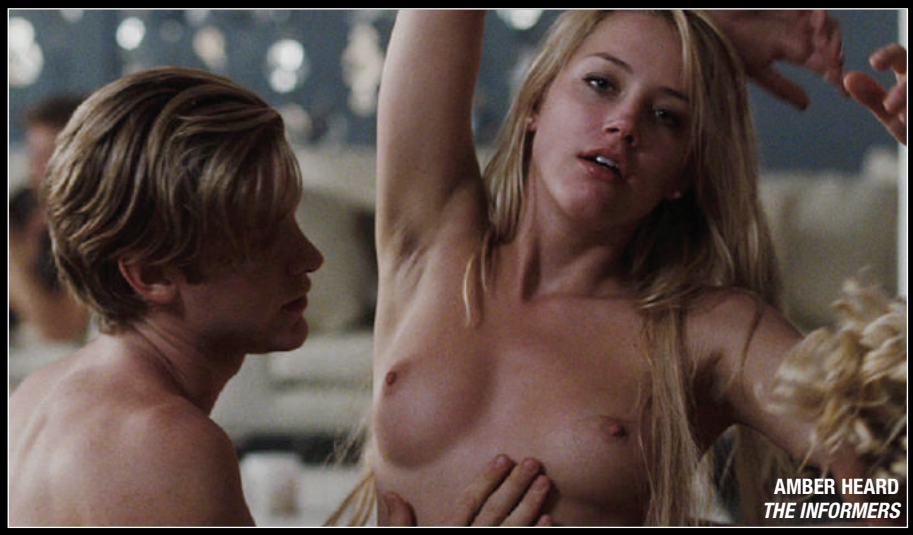
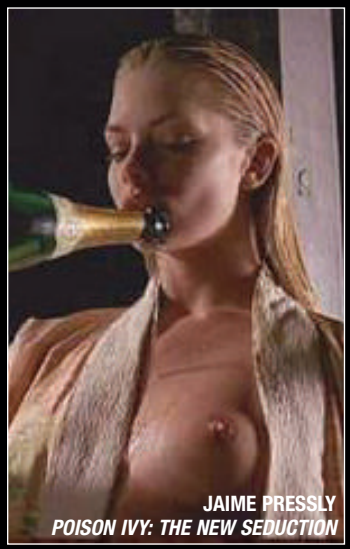
JAIME PRESSLY
POISON IVY: THE NEW SEDUCTION



AMBER HEARD
THE INFORMERS

AMBER HEARD
THE INFORMERS



JAIME PRESSLY
POISON IVY: THE NEW SEDUCTION

(continued from page 44)

More questions ensue. The usual: How much money do you make? (Anal pays more.) Can you pick your own partners? (Sometimes.) Do you occasionally dread going to work? (Yes.) Bobbi candidly answers each gent's question to his satisfaction. After dessert and coffee, the guest of honor gladly signs autographs and graciously provides photo-ops.

By three o'clock, it's time for everyone to leave. Bobbi wants to do a little shopping along Pasadena's Colorado Boulevard. Later, spotting a coffee shop, Bobbi and I step inside and place our orders. While we sip our drinks, I ask about her music.

"When I was 13—around the time my parents divorced—I really became involved in music," Bobbi recalls. "I first played the clarinet in middle school, then switched over to oboe in high school. I loved it! I practiced all the time, eventually playing in several youth orchestras, the State Honor Band, doing music festivals. Just a lot of fun!"

Actually, while Bobbi is more than willing to talk about her oboe exploits, she absolutely refuses to be photographed playing the instrument. She draws a strict line between it and her porn career. In fact, she lets me know that her precious oboe is sacred ground. And, trust me, there's no arguing with Bobbi on this subject.

"So, do you still play the oboe?" I ask. "Here and there," Bobbi replies. "For instance, I recently played for one of Sippi's art showings. Of course, these days I practice my oboe far less because I have less time. But I'm still a professional musician. The pieces that I want to play require a certain skill, so I want to stay at that level because that's what I enjoy doing."

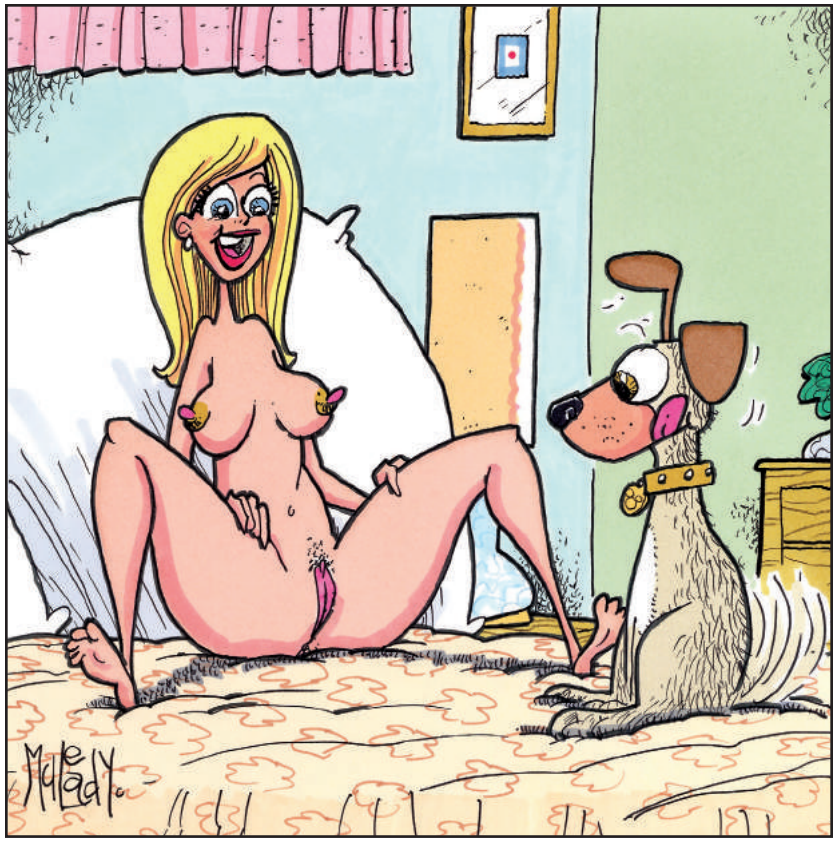
With a laugh, she quips, "Besides, I hate practicing when I suck!"

By 4:30, we decide to head back to her place. Along the way, I ask if she has any plans of raising a family. "Yeah, I want to have kids someday," Bobbi tells me. "That's sort of why I started my Web site. It's also why I'm doing more directing as opposed to performing." As of this writing, Bobbi has helmed three Evil Angel releases.

We stop in front of Bobbi's apartment building just past 5 p.m. I ask if there are any regrets in her life, in her career. "Since my dad died a few months ago," Bobbi says, "I've reflected upon his passing. There are so many questions I wanted to ask him. But as my siblings and I were cleaning out his house, I found his journal entries in which he referred to me as 'my baby girl.' He also wrote that he was very proud of me. Proud of me for the stereotypes that I've broken down. Proud of me for finishing school and not dropping out."

After taking a moment to ponder, Bobbi adds, "Since I think about things before I do them, I live my life to *not* regret anything. And I still think I did porn for all the good reasons."

"I remember when they sat up and smiled for their graduation photo..."



"If you lick this, you can be 'woman's best friend' too."

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

ANDREW W.K.

PARTY ON

Andrew W.K. is the life of the party. The rocker behind the anthem "Party Hard" knows how to have a good time. He's also taken his talents to television as the host of *Destroy Build Destroy*. Just before his show ended its run on Cartoon Network, we caught up with Andrew in L.A. to discuss his first time (with a copy of HUSTLER Magazine), his foray into reality TV and (of course) partying.

HUSTLER: We understand you're excited to be in HUSTLER.

ANDREW W.K.: I am a massive fan of HUSTLER, and it's a great privilege to be in it. The very first interview I ever did, ever, was with a humble competitor of yours, *Oui*. That was a huge moment for me. Now to be in the king's magazine, finally!

Do you remember the first time you read HUSTLER?

There was a friend of mine named Peter who was in my homeroom at high school. Cool guy. Black trench coat. He was the first guy who told me about Queen and Gary Glitter. One day he told me, "Hey, Andrew, there's a copy of HUSTLER on the ground on the corner right by the end of the school." It was the middle of the day, and for the entire rest of the school day I was obsessed, afraid someone else got it. It came to a fever pitch of excitement. At the end of the school day, I found something covered in pine needles and dead grass. It was this decayed and punctured HUSTLER Magazine. It looked like a dog had chewed on it. Pages glued together. Weird washed-out spots and stains. I kept it under my bed for at least two years after that.

What does W.K. stand for?

Who Knows. That's what I intend it to stand for ideally. It also stands for my last name. My mom's last name was Wilkes; my dad's was Krier. Wilkes-Krier.

When your song "Party Hard" became a hit, some negative press said it was just a "mindless anthem for the stupid." As an intelligent guy, how did that affect you?

There is a great show called *Diff'rent Strokes.* As they sum up at the start of the show in their theme song, different people like different stuff. The kind of person that would look at a song like "Party Hard" and say it's stupid is not a person I can relate to on a lot of levels. As long as they are engaged with what I'm doing, even if they hate it, I'm thankful.

***Destroy Build Destroy* has been well received. Did you expect the positive reaction, and is this the greatest gig you've ever had?**

I've never had a better gig. I feel like it's the culmination of everything I've got to do. Being a rock 'n' roller and going out on a battlefield with two teams and then getting to scream my head off through a megaphone is a great privilege. When I first heard the concept of the show, I had very few doubts that it would be received well. It touched on all my highest fantasies and triggered a primal excitement that goes back to when I was a young person, where you are excited about fire and explosions and at the same time constructing things and building stuff. We wanted to tap into that elemental excitement.

As a kid, what kind of stuff did you destroy?

I got into a lot of trouble as a younger person. We would take empty CO_2 cartridges,

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

GLEN CAMPBELL
Ghost on the Canvas
When the "Rhinestone Cowboy" got news that he has Alzheimer's, he decided to go out on a high note and record one final kickass studio album. Campbell's swan song is full of his trademark croon over masterful guitar work on heartfelt ballads and heartbroken tunes written by everyone from Paul Westerberg to Jakob Dylan.

THE BANGLES
Sweetheart of the Sun
The Bangles have always been a band out of time. Although they broke wide in the 1980s, the California girls (now a trio) always identified more with the melodies of the '60s than anything from the Reagan years. Their latest is a straight-up homage to the groups (the Beach Boys, the Mamas & the Papas) that inspired them.

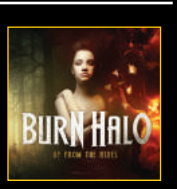
U2
***Achtung Baby* (Deluxe & Uber Deluxe)**
U2's most experimental CD gets the remastered and expanded treatment. The Deluxe two-CD set features their original album plus a disc of rare B-sides. We suggest you get the Uber Deluxe version (pictured here), which includes six CDs, four DVDs, a hardcover book, vinyl, art prints and a pair of Bono "Fly" sunglasses.

CYMBALS EAT GUITARS
Lenses Alien
Hey Jane's Addiction fans, has Perry Farrell and company's new maturity got you down? Looking for a group that possesses Jane's early urgency and raucous sound? Cymbals Eat Guitars is for you. Without sounding like a cover band, they channel Addiction with surprising precision and sonic greatness.

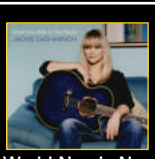
CHARLEY PRIDE
Choices
Nobody does it better than hall of famer Charley Pride. For the past four decades he has remained one of country music's finest singers. His latest is a solid return full of patriotism and hope. *Choices* will remind you why you love America and why the world loves Charley Pride.

PHIL SPECTOR
Phil Spector Presents the Philles Album Collection
Decades before he was a wig-wearing convict serving 19 years to life in a California prison for murder, Phil Spector was a musical genius. This seven-CD set captures the bulk of his early girl groups (including the Crystals and Darlene Love) and Wall of Sound production days. Many tracks included here have never before been released on CD.

DOZEN



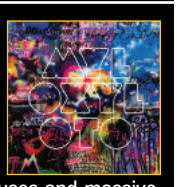
BURN HALO
Up From the Ashes
Burn Halo wasn't going to make a second CD. James Hart planned on going solo. Then divine intervention, fate or good advice made him rethink that and regroup with his band. Burn Halo's sophomore disc is like a shot of adrenaline into the heart. It pops with massive hooks, wailing guitars and renewed energy.



JACKIE DESHANNON
When You Walk in the Room
Armed only with her still-pristine voice and an acoustic guitar, the '60s songbird behind the worldwide hit "What the World Needs Now Is Love" returns sounding (and looking) surprisingly good. With style and ease, DeShannon glides through covers ranging from "Bette Davis Eyes" and "Put a Little Love in Your Heart" to the song that made her famous.

ZZ TOP
Live in Germany 1980
"That Little Ol' Band From Texas" had a very good year in 1980. Billy Gibbons and the boys were on the cusp of breaking through thanks to MTV and their landmark album *Eliminator*. This disc, recorded during a guest appearance on Germany's *Rockpalast* music show, has ZZ Top ripping through their early catalog with exuberance and boogie.

LITTLE DRAGON
Ritual Union
Hipsters already know about Sweden's Little Dragon and their seductive brand of slinky, danceable pop. If you like cool female vocals in the vein of the Bird and the Bee and Supreme Beings of Leisure wafting over keyboard-heavy tracks, then this is your new favorite CD. See, you *are* hip after all!



COLDPLAY
Mylo Xyloto
Coldplay has never been subtle. Their albums feature epic arena rock soundscapes blended with over-the-top cinematic ballads for the masses. The Brits' latest CD boasts bombastic choruses and massive guitars plus some interesting themes.

THE KENNY WAYNE SHEPHERD BAND
How I Go
The label "child prodigy" can be a scary thing. Most burn out by the time they hit puberty. Then there is Kenny Wayne Shepherd, who has gone from young genius to guitar god by releasing album after album of mesmerizing blues and thrilling audiences around the world. Not bad for a guy still under 35. Shepherd's latest is a blistering combination of precision and pride.

those beautiful little metal cylinders with the top that pops open. We would fill those with gunpowder, add a wick with rubber cement and head to the playground after school or on the weekend when no one was around. That's like a real bomb. I have a specific memory of setting one on a swing set and lighting it. When we went back after it exploded, the black tirelike rubber seat just wasn't there anymore. We couldn't even find much of the wreckage. It was just gone. I'm very pleased to revisit my pyrotechnic instincts with something entertaining.

There's an element of cartoon violence to the show.

Yes, but it's *real*. It's a very violent show. There are a lot of explosions. Lots of machinery. Chainsaws. World War II tanks. It's very intense when you feel those flames. I kind of doubted it myself when we went to film our first episode. I thought it was going to be some firecrackers or foam blocks blowing apart, but it's very intense. It shakes the ground.

Do you have any input regarding what gets destroyed?

Fortunately for me, the creator of the show is an incredible man. Dan Taberski and I had worked together years before on *The Daily Show* when I was brought in as an expert on partying. We had this great relationship, and Dan has been very gracious with allowing me to give as much input as I ever want. There is really no channel as open-minded as Cartoon Network. It's a very special place to be, and I'm thankful.

What is your favorite thing that was destroyed on the show?

We blew up a bunch of school buses in one episode. I have a love/hate relationship with school buses from having ridden them quite a bit. It was very liberating to blow them up and use that yellow metal for something other than transportation.

Do you still party hard these days?

Yes, because my whole idea of partying has evolved and shifted over the years. It has to do with primarily the level of gratitude. Whenever I have partied or celebrated in my life, it was to primarily appreciate something. Whether it's your birthday or the new year or the weekend, I got this idea that maybe you can have every day be worth celebrating. Make your life in a determined and exhausting way so that you will make every day the best day ever.

A big part of the Andrew W.K. party rocker image is that you always dress in all white. How do you keep that shit clean?

It's difficult to keep them clean. On the show, I go in a day of filming with bright white, clean, sometimes brand-new [clothes] out of the bag. I start the filming day crisp and clean, but by the end of a day of filming—eight, nine, maybe ten hours—they become sort of a beige or maybe a safari khaki color with little bits of dark brown and black around the ankles. It gets oily and greasy. I'm not proud of that. People get freaked out by how dirty I've been. I tell them it's not me that's dirty; it's just the clothes. I don't smell. The clothes do. It's not me that is covered in puke. The clothes are covered in puke. That's a big difference.

How many pairs of white jeans do you own?

I finally decided I had to count them recently. There was a time when I first moved to New York that I only had two pairs. I wore them until they were shredded. I thought I should get some backups, and they weren't so easy to find. Then I came to L.A. to film the video for "Party Hard." The wardrobe lady had prepared a dozen pairs of pants. Those lasted me the first three or four years. In 2005 I contacted Levi's, and they sent me about a hundred pairs. In my house, I have stacks of boxes of jeans that haven't even been opened yet. I know it's a bit over-the-top to have a hundred pairs of white jeans, but it's great to know they are there.

Are you working on a new CD?

That's why I'm here in Los Angeles. There were certain conditions I had to deal with that we resolved fortunately about two years ago, allowing me to do all kinds of new music. In some ways, this record has been in the works since 2006. I wanted to make this the best rock album I've ever made. Unfortunately, that has been a longer process than I anticipated. I'm working with an incredible producer named Kool Kojak, who wrote "Right Round" for Flo-Rida and Ke$ha's "Blow." His skill for sonic intensity really caught my ear a few years ago. It's underway, moving forward, and I'm very optimistic.

How would you describe the CD musically?

A very intense pounding.

Have you had a lot of groupies?

I had my one and only one-night stand two or three years after I first went on tour. There had been many opportunities leading up to that, but I had never really taken advantage. I guess I was a bit freaked out by the whole scene. Plus, even though I had always been sexually active as a young person, I always had a steady girlfriend.

I have fantasied about [groupies] and preferred to go into that realm more than actually carrying through. Especially now that I'm married to the most beautiful and amazing woman in the world, the fantasy is more fulfilling than actually following through. Fortunately, my wife is very open-minded when it comes to imagination and fantasy.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

STRAIGHT LINE STITCH'S ALEXIS BROWN

SCREAM DREAM

Alexis Brown is not just another pretty face. She's the hot-as-hell lead singer of the up-and-coming metal band Straight Line Stitch. The fan-worshiping goddess stopped by HUSTLER to discuss the sights, sounds and smells of the road, crotch-grabbing groupies and her intimate tattoos.

HUSTLER: How did you end up in Straight Line Stitch?

ALEXIS BROWN: I joined in 2003 after being in another band called FSN for five years. FSN did shows with Straight Line Stitch, and we met on the road. When I met the guys, I fell in love with them. I always wanted to be in SLS. Their drummer came and filled in for my band this one time because my band was falling apart. He said, "Why don't you audition for us?" I was there! I went, tried out. I was so scared, I almost peed my pants. But they loved it, and they kept me.

Were you screaming before you joined Straight Line Stitch?

No. My previous band was more hard rock than metal. I never screamed until I joined Straight Line Stitch. I knew that I would have to scream on some songs. So I locked myself in my room with a little practice guitar amp and screamed my brains out. I realized, *I can do this!*

In person you seem very calm and mellow, but onstage it's a different story.

I always knew from a young age I was going to be an entertainer. I don't know how or why because I'm the shiest person on the planet. But I knew it was something I wanted to do. I still get nervous before a show. Even though I've been doing this for a while, I still want to flee or run. But when I walk on that stage and something snaps, it's not me anymore. I just turn into somebody else I don't know.

Do you have a preshow ritual?

First I pray. I ask God to help me get through this. Then I have a couple of beers. (*Laughs.*) The beers help.

Where does the band's name Straight Line Stitch come from?

It's funny; I was in the band for a couple years before I even knew. Finally I broke down and asked my guitar player, who's been in the band since day one, what it means. It's just misinterpreted lyrics. He was listening to an Eminem song and thought he said "straight line stitch," but that wasn't what Eminem said. So basically it doesn't mean shit. (*Laughs.*)

Is it tough being a woman in the male-dominated world of heavy metal?

I don't think so. Women are coming up. You have women doing things that people think of as men's jobs—firefighters, police officers. Same with music. Either you have it or you don't, regardless of gender.

What's it like being on the road in the bus with four guys?

We're not in a bus. We're in the van! It's a living hell, but I like it. I really do. It stinks. The reason I do like being in a van with the guys is that you really get to know the people you're in the band with. They're like my family, my brothers. We talk, whereas a lot of bands we tour with that have buses don't even hang out together. You lose that connection. With us, we are all in each other's faces. I can smell their feet! It stinks! Did I mention that it really stinks? (*Laughs.*)

What is the one thing you need to take with you when you're on the road?

Hygiene products. Lots of sprays and scents to smell good. Plus my iPod. Because sometimes the guys get on my nerves, and I need to escape into another world.

You have some cool tattoos. What was the first one?

I've been getting tattoos since I was 16. My first one is actually covered up because he left. It was my stepdad's name, and that was a big mistake. I have a lot of tattoos. They're all pretty much religious. I have a strong belief in God. I'm not a Jesus freak, but I know if it wasn't for my belief, I wouldn't be here. I have *God* tattooed on my neck. I don't push it down anybody's throat. I'm not trying to pass out pamphlets and tell people to go to church. It's my belief, and I'm true to myself.

What is your most intimate tattoo?

On my legs I have portraits of my grandfather and brothers who passed away. They were military. And my grandma, who I loved more than anyone in the world.

How do you handle crazy male fans?

I've had men come up to our table with their girlfriends and say, "Let's have a threesome tonight!" I'm flattered but wow! No! (*Laughs.*) I've had men bluntly say, "I'd so fuck you right now!" No hello?!

I'm really open and friendly with our fans. That's the way it should be. We hang out after the show. There was this one guy after a show in New Mexico who I was nice to, and he decided to stick his hand down my pants. I was like, "Wait a second!" I think he had too much to drink. I've also had a female fan grab me right there while I was onstage. Omigod! But I guess you got to expect that. It's metal. It's rock!

What's the best part about being a heavy metal goddess?

The fans, crotch grabbing or not, are the best part. They mold your career. I love our fans and, I don't want to say I'll do *anything*, but I try to do what I can for them. I love them.

DVD DISTRACTIONS

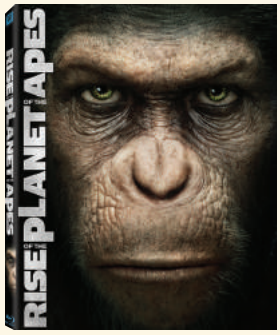
BY TAYLOR DAVID

Apes, Ghosts, Barbarians, Perverts and Sex Freaks—What More Could You Ask For?

CONAN THE BARBARIAN

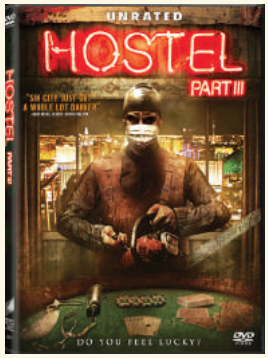
After witnessing his father die at the hands of the evil tyrant Khalar Zym, Conan the Cimmerian (Jason Momoa) uses his incomparable strength and combat skills to crush his enemies. Limbs fly as the hulking warrior slices apart fierce monsters and brutish rivals to avenge his father's death. Conan's quest escalates into an epic battle of impossible odds as Zym (Stephen Lang) obtains an ancient relic capable of bestowing the villain with godlike powers. This action-packed sword-and-sorcery film is teeming with nudity and mayhem that in the 3D version literally jump off the screen.

RISE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES



A pharmaceutical company's project (to find a cure for Alzheimer's) goes awry when some chimpanzees are given an experimental drug that inadvertently increases their intelligence to human level. A few years later, Caesar—the domesticated offspring of a test subject—ends up being sent to a primate shelter. With the cunning Caesar taking charge, the simians rise up against their human masters. Thoroughly entertaining, this critically acclaimed film—with stunning visual effects and a compelling story—breathes new life into the long-running *Planet of the Apes* franchise.

HOSTEL: PART III



The over-the-top fright franchise is back with its third director (Scott Spiegel) and is more disturbing than ever. This time the bloodbath takes place in Las Vegas, where some high-stakes gamblers double as sadists. At the center of the festivities are four friends enticed by two sexy escorts into attending an exclusive party off the Strip. Unfortunately for the dupes, they're about to be victims in a perverse, torture-filled game orchestrated by members of the Elite Hunting Club. Brimming with shocking and gruesome depravity, *Hostel: Part III* is a must-watch for any bloodthirsty moviegoer.

A GOOD OLD FASHIONED ORGY

This comedy stars Jason Sudeikis as Eric, a thirtysomething party animal famous for throwing lavish theme parties at his father's swanky Hamptons beach house. But when Dad announces plans to sell the swanky pad, Eric decides it's time to go out with a proverbial bang—a good old-fashioned orgy. Hysterical moments abound as Eric attempts to convince his closest male and female friends to get even closer by indulging in group sex.

ATTACK THE BLOCK

From the producers of *Shaun of the Dead* comes an action-fueled sci-fi flick that pits a teen street gang against an invasion of savage extraterrestrials. Turning a low-income London apartment complex into a fortress, the crazy mix of brave young Brits under siege makes it their mission to kick alien ass. Fast-paced and hysterically funny, this superb adventure film cleverly blends scares and laughs.

HEIDI KLUM

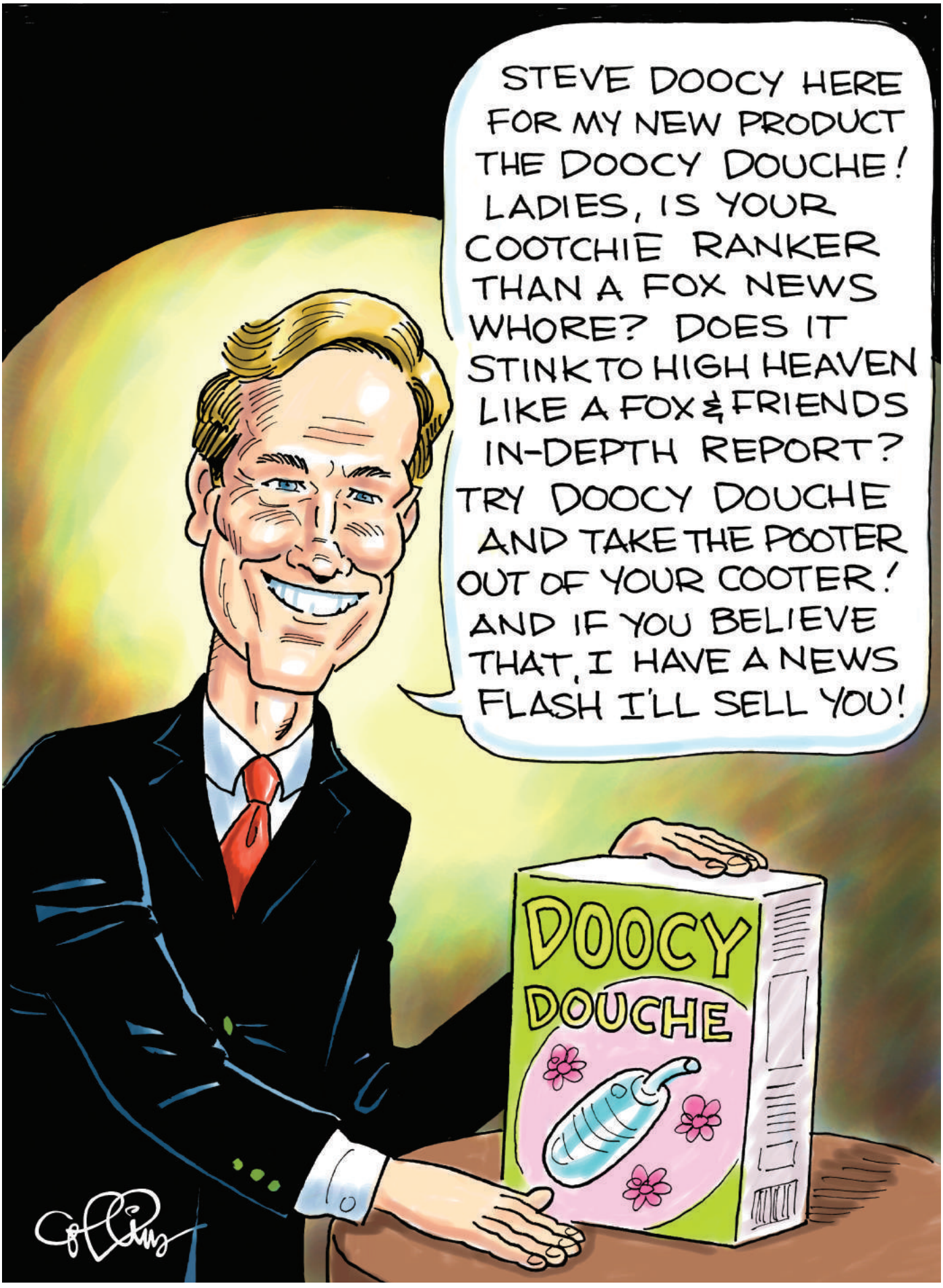
BEACH BOOBS

Life is a beach for multiplatinum recording artist **Seal**. He is loved by millions of fans around the world, lives in luxurious mansions and has a ton of cash and an amazing voice. Most importantly, the lucky bastard gets to have sex with the still-stunning **Heidi Klum**. It's not fair!

All we get to enjoy is this photo of the supermodel-turned-reality TV personality as she enjoyed some sun and fun at a topless beach in Porto Cervo, Sardinia, where nudity is no big deal. We have news for you, Heidi: If you're a celebrity, nudity in public is *always* a big deal! The *Project Runway* host recently insured her legs for $2 million. We doubt her tits would require such coverage.

Even still, we're thankful Heidi was captured tanning her uncovered flotation devices. This perfect Kodak moment may have actually been Seal's idea. Man, that son of a bitch just loves to rub it in our face, doesn't he? But we'll have our revenge when we jizz all over this photo later tonight and possibly tomorrow morning.

Remember, every month HUSTLER works hard to bring you the best in *Famous Flesh*. If you have risqué photos of former supermodels or other gorgeous luminaries modeling their super tits in public, please get in touch with us pronto at ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***. We may just want to buy them to publish for the whole world to enjoy.


STEVE DOOCY HERE FOR MY NEW PRODUCT THE DOOCY DOUCHE! LADIES, IS YOUR COOTCHIE RANKER THAN A FOX NEWS WHORE? DOES IT STINK TO HIGH HEAVEN LIKE A FOX & FRIENDS IN-DEPTH REPORT? TRY DOOCY DOUCHE AND TAKE THE POOTER OUT OF YOUR COOTER! AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, I HAVE A NEWS FLASH I'LL SELL YOU!
DOOCY
DOUCHE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

DANA & JERRY

When Jason (**Jerry**) arrived at a new client's residence, the pool guy was somewhat confused. There was no swimming pool. No Jacuzzi. Not so much as a puddle of water.

Jason was about to depart when he heard an irresistibly sweet voice emanating from the kitchen. The dude followed the sound and was delighted to discover Rachel (**Dana DeArmond**). She was beautiful, stark naked and singing a Hall & Oates song.

Without missing a beat, Jason chimed in, transforming her solo rendition into a duet. Crooning the classic '80s hit "Private Eyes," Rachel and Jason lustfully eyed each other. Soon, they were passionately fucking on the floor.

Afterward, Rachel confessed, "There's no pool. I just needed to get laid."

As Jason gathered up his garments, there was a knock at the door. "Dog washer!" a voice shouted from outside.

"I bet you don't have a dog either," the lucky pool guy noted.

"Nope," Rachel replied with a smile. "But a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do. Now be a sweetheart and hand me the phone so I can order a pizza guy—I mean a pizza—for later."

The delectable Dana DeArmond can be seen in *This Ain't Urban Cowboy XXX*, *Anally Yours: Love Dana DeArmond*, *Ass Appeal #4* and *HUSTLER's Naughty Nannies* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

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WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Up and coming: ***Fighters*** *Kayden Kross, Stoya (right) and Jesse Jane (bottom) deliver the blow-by-blow.*

Fighters

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: JESSE JANE, KAYDEN KROSS, STOYA, BIBI JONES, RILEY STEELE, VICKI CHASE, ERIK EVERHARD, TOMMY GUNN, SCOTT NAILS, CHARLES DERA, MANUEL FERRARA, TONI RIBAS & RAMON NOMAR.

This fight-and-fuck flick is going head-to-head with X-Play's *Rocky XXX*, so mark up your scorecards. The latest bombshell showcase from porn's top studio (next to HUSTLER, of course) delivers a staggering combination of augmented bleach blondes and solid moviemaking (as adult flicks go). It starts with Jesse Jane in a catfight. That's promising, but you'll have to wait another *hour and a half* for our favorite bad girl to discover the gym. Fortunately the fuck scenes on the way there have got plenty of heart, with Riley Steele and steamy Latina Vicki Chase offering some high points. Jesse brings her A-game, laying down a solid performance, whether she's fighting with her onscreen dad, punching a bag or going below the belt with her trainer. After alabaster Stoya—who never puts up a fight—gets entertainingly pounded in the locker room, Jesse takes on Kayden Kross in a sparring bout. (No euphemism for sex this time; they actually fight.) Don't expect a spectacular *Rocky* story here with a prizefight climax; these girls are just messin' around in the gym, but it's still an above-average show that'll pass the time until Mayweather finally takes on Pacquiao. ***—M.J.***

*Ring girls Madison Ivy (left), Chastity Lynn and Andy San Dimas (bottom) train hard in **Rocky XXX**.*

Rocky XXX

X-PLAY/ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: ANDY SAN DIMAS, CHASTITY LYNN, LILY LABEAU, MADISON IVY, ANTHONY ROSANO, MR. MARCUS, JACK LAWRENCE & TYLER KNIGHT.

There's an ominous trend haunting our world: Porn directors are starting to think they can make *actual* movies, which means we're having to suffer through more bad acting and cheesy production values than ever before. This *Rocky* ripoff is more like an inept remake than a parody, so don't expect a laugh riot—at least not an *intentional* one. (Hey, anything's better than another real *Rocky* sequel.) Andy San Dimas is no Talia Shire in the acting department, but her version of Adrian sheds the panties a lot faster, so she wins that round. As for the rest of the females, they handle their standard combinations adequately enough. There aren't many ladies in the original movie, so don't bother trying to figure out who these gratuitous ring groupies are supposed to be. Just be happy they know how to go down and stay down. As for the boxing scenes? They look more like drunken bar fights than title bouts, but you didn't expect anybody to get in shape for a porn flick, did you? Hang in there for Andy's big fuck scene; she could go the distance with Tyson. Check out our interview with Andy—also the star of our own *This Ain't Urban Cowboy XXX*—on page 107. ***—M.J.***

*Misty Stone, Alektra Blue (right) and Kimberly Kane (bottom) expand their **Horizons**.*

Horizon

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: SAM HAIN. STARRING: JESSICA DRAKE, KAYLANI LEI, KIMBERLY KANE, MISTY STONE, ALEKTRA BLUE, AIDEN STARR, BOBBI STARR, ROCCO REED, BILL BAILEY, TONY DE SERGIO, XANDER CORVUS & DANNY MOUNTAIN.

Earth has been invaded and most earthlings are dead. But for some reason, the aliens didn't kill all the porn stars. How's that for a stroke of luck? *Horizon* is a slick, stylish sci-fi cockbuster that kicks off with some '90s-style special effects and a fuck scene with one of the best arguments for the survival of the human race: Misty Stone. She's an alien-fighter trying to make it to the rescue ship *Horizon* along with the rest of her horny platoon. jessica drake plays the captain sent on a suicide mission with her hot and loyal crew—and she's dead serious about it. The earnest acting verges on unintended comedy but still manages to give this space porn some gravity. Other penetrating high points include a nice screw by crash pilot Kimberly Kane and every time the Russian actress delivers a line—that accent is priceless. Top-billed jessica, of course, is always reliable to keep the thrusters firing. The script is talky but stocked with twists and turns (not only the sexual kind), making *Horizon* surprisingly watchable even on a stroke break. Is it the *Star Wars* of porn? Not really, but chesty extraterrestrial Aiden Starr is the kind of close encounter that makes us want to believe. ***—M.J.***

*Pussy power: Lexi Swallow (left), Dylan Ryder and Jennifer Dark (bottom) and pets crack the whip in **Katwoman XXX**.*

Katwoman XXX

BLUEBIRD FILMS. DIRECTOR: NICHOLAS STEELE. STARRING: DYLAN RYDER, ANNA LOVATO, GEMMA MASSEY, NATASHA MARLEY, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, JENNIFER DARK, ANDY SAN DIMAS, BRIDGETTE B, LEXI SWALLOW, MR. PETE, EVAN STONE, DALE DABONE & PAUL CHAPLIN.

A half-dozen scorching-hot ladies have played Catwoman over the years, but Dylan Ryder beats them all by really putting her pussy into it. This stylish, latexy version of the Dark Knight's sexy spin-off delivers plenty of eye candy, with the Joker taking full advantage of the purr-fect heroine's crotchless catsuit. (We always knew the Joker got more snatch than that do-gooder Batman.) Dylan digs her claws into her role as the movie gets weirder than a Halloween orgy. It's basically a buffet for costume fetishists, with a fancy feast of top-notch U.S. and U.K. womanflesh—most of it in the chest area. There's a hokey story having something to do with lethal milk, and we're treated to an explosive finale, but none of that takes away from the fine spectacle of nine felines in heat. And now for a message to Anne Hathaway, the next Catwoman: Get this movie and learn from it! Do you want to be the best or don't you? ***—M.J.***

***Urban** legends: Dana DeArmond (left), Andy San Dimas and Mariah Madysinn (bottom) visit the stud farm.*

This Ain't Urban Cowboy XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: ANDY SAN DIMAS, MIA VALENTINE, DANA DEARMOND, MARIAH MADYSINN, PAYTON LEIGH, JENNER, JOEY BRASS, SCOTT LYONS, ALEC KNIGHT, SETH GAMBLE & OTTO BAUER.

Andy San Dimas seems to be in every other porn flick these days—and the occasional real movie. Is she trying to be the next Sasha Grey? (Check out our Q&A with Andy on the next page.) This time, she's city hick Sissy in a spoof of the movie that ruined country music. Andy's fairly trashy so the role isn't much of a stretch, even if she could've tried a little harder to sound like a Texan. Half an hour into the flick, she rides a (very slow) mechanical bull naked, which makes for an early high point. Dana DeArmond outshines her, though, as a slutty bartender in one of the movie's best fuck scenes. Mariah Madysinn's DP session in front of Old Glory gives Dana a run for her money; after all, Mariah has a nice set of bulbous cum-catchers and the words *Dime Diva* scrawled on her fingers in magic marker. Pure class. *This Ain't Urban Cowboy XXX* is filthy enough for a stroke or two, but don't take your ten-gallon hat off for it. Sure, anybody can take a dick in her ass, but how good can she line dance? Find out by ordering it now on page 124. ***—M.J.***

ANDY SAN DIMAS GOES THE DISTANCE

Hipster-smut icon Andy San Dimas has gone from alt-porn darling to one of the industry's most sought-after talents. Along with nailing the female leads in *Rocky XXX* (reviewed on page 103) and *This Ain't Urban Cowboy XXX* (reviewed on page 106), the tattooed tart with the country-girl smile has popped up in a slew of new flicks, including *Katwoman XXX* (reviewed on page 105). Most girls would be fighting burnout by now, but according to *Rocky XXX* director Will Ryder, Andy's got staying power.

HUSTLER: Was it a challenge to turn *Rocky*'s Adrian into a knockout?

SAN DIMAS: I think I'm good at playing characters who aren't supposed to be sexy. Adrian is definitely the opposite of hot. I tried my best to get her dowdy personality across while still delivering a smoldering sex scene.

You seem to be the porn-parody "it girl" lately. Why?

Probably because I have a photographic memory. I can memorize things quickly, and I have a way of performing all of my characters believably. Like I said before, I'm not always trying to be sexy. I also have a strong grasp on pop culture. I understand things the typical porn girl can't.

Do your directors get a good actress or a hot sex performer?

I'd like to think they get both! Other than parody stuff, I'm a pretty kinky chick. I like to stretch the boundaries. I also give amazing sloppy BJs! It's why I started watching porn!

What do your parents think of what you do?

They wish I was doing something else, but they respect the fact that I'm an adult and pay my taxes and all of my own bills. They are wonderful, very moral people.

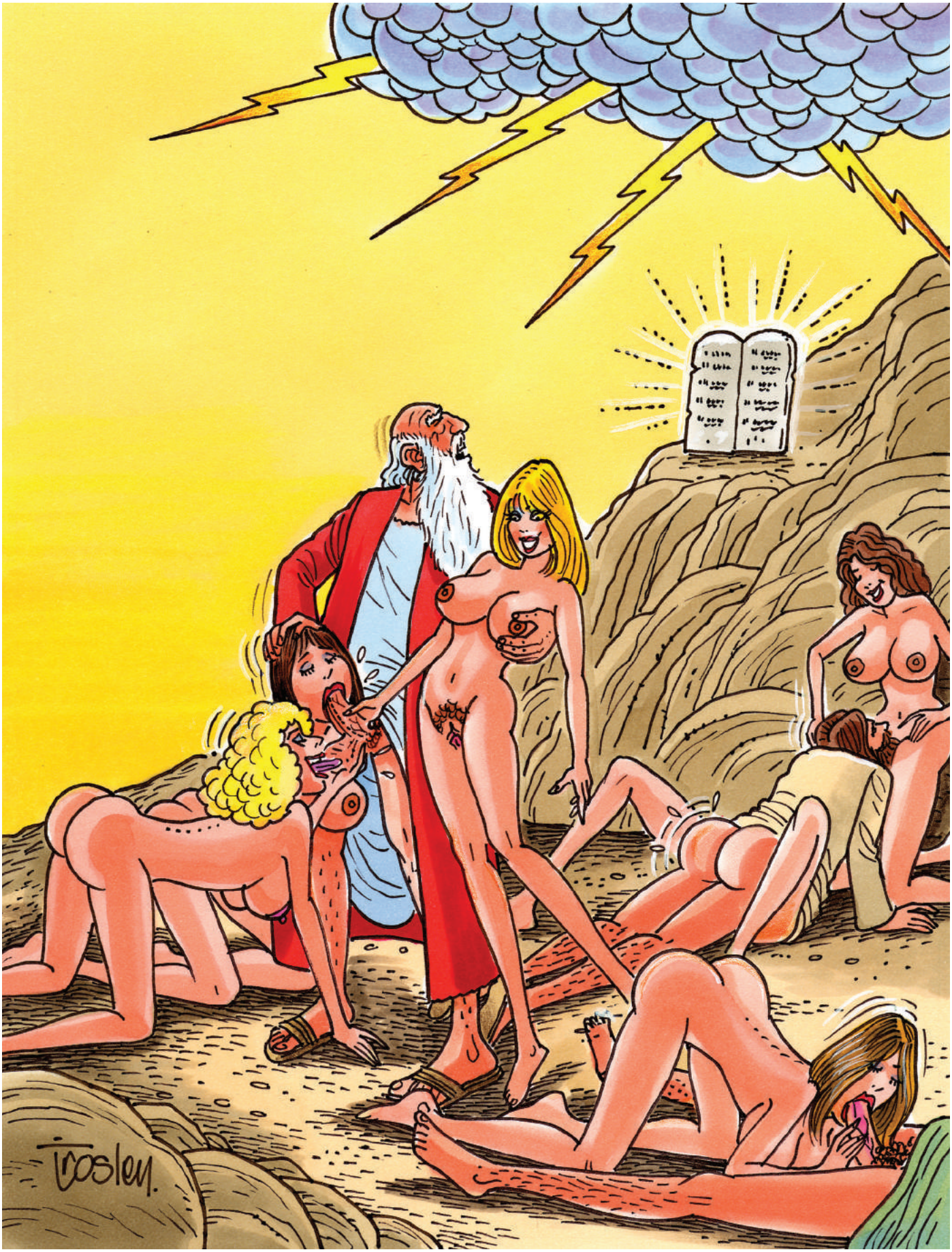
Why haven't you done anal?

I don't do it in my personal life. I feel like I shouldn't do it until I'm super-experienced. I will do one anal before I quit. I have to leave my fans with that.

At this stage in your career, are you doing porn for the fame, the money or the sex?

I love all of it. I'm happy that I've built myself into a feature girl, because I had no idea my career would grow in this way. Making a good living is nice too. I'm not rich, but I don't worry about paying my bills.

—Craig Modderno



"What? Commandments? Why can't you just fuckin' accept us as we are?!"

THIS AIN'T AMERICAN CHOPPER XXX

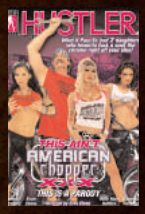
PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Motorcycle fans and reality show aficionados are well acquainted with *American Chopper*. The television series followed a family—headed up by patriarch Paul Sr.—that was devoted to making custom bikes. The folks at HUSTLER Video were so inspired by the series that they created their own sexually charged parody version, *This Ain't American Chopper XXX*.

The perks of being a reality star are topped by the inalienable right to bang your employees. Our Paul Sr. doppelgänger (**Evan Stone**) doesn't get any objections from one young worker (**Dani Jensen**) who happily rides his shaft. Paul Sr.'s tryst hasn't sated his sexual appetite, so he moves on to a fresh conquest. The burly biker has a great time instructing his new mistress (**Jenna Presley**) on proper mounting techniques. After the *Chopper* bike crew wins a major prize at the county fair, the patriarch's daughter (**Helly Mae Hellfire**) thanks the judge (**Billy Glide**) by giving him an all-access pass to her tight snatch.

If full-throttle fucking is your thing, you don't want to miss *This Ain't American Chopper XXX*.

THIS-AIN'T



This Ain't American Chopper XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ex. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"A pussy looks so much prettier when it's shaved."

McKENZIE

Roanoke, Virginia, was originally called Big Lick, a tidbit worth mentioning as we showcase this lickable resident: "feisty, lovable and always cheerful" McKenzie. "Being in HUSTLER means a lot to me," the 22-year-old singing, dancing and networking buff declares. "It could help me start a career as a nude model. I'm in great shape for not working out at all, and I love to get naked and have sex just about anywhere." On that note, the 5-foot-4 neophyte discloses, "I'm a seductive, kinky lesbian; my fave position is 69; and I give awesome head." But McKenzie has other virtues. "I clean house, dinner is always ready when my amazing girlfriend comes home, and I never hog the remote when we're watching TV," she points out. "My fave shows are *The Ultimate Fighter*, *Grey's Anatomy* and *Ghost Hunters*." The sweetheart also digs football and music, namely "Lady Gaga, Sick Puppies, Avril Lavigne and whatever else has a good-ass beat." As for sexual fantasies, McKenzie specifies, "They would involve Alyssa Milano and Jennifer Love Hewitt doing whatever they wanted with me." —Photos by Friend

BRANDEE

This "bubbly and easy to get along with" MILF from Newark, Ohio, is turning 31 in April, but she's always game for donning her birthday suit. "I hate clothes!" Brandee howls. "People wear 'em to impress others. What a crock! I'd rather live in a nudist colony." But the fan of "old, old country" music, classic rock and Val Kilmer flicks has a short-term substitute. "I love taking nude nature walks," reveals the 5-foot-2 sprite, who let it all hang out (quite impressively) for a camera-wielding pal during one such jaunt. Not beating around the bush, Brandee explains why: "Think of me as a handy muse. Guys can look at my pics and do whatever they please. I appreciate any compliments—woodies most of all." Despite being a dandy exhibitionist, Brandee acknowledges, "I'm a little old-fashioned when it comes to sex. I've never been with two guys at the same time or with a girl. But I just met one I want to seduce. I hope she's bi." So do we! —Photos by Friend

"I love making woodies sprout!"

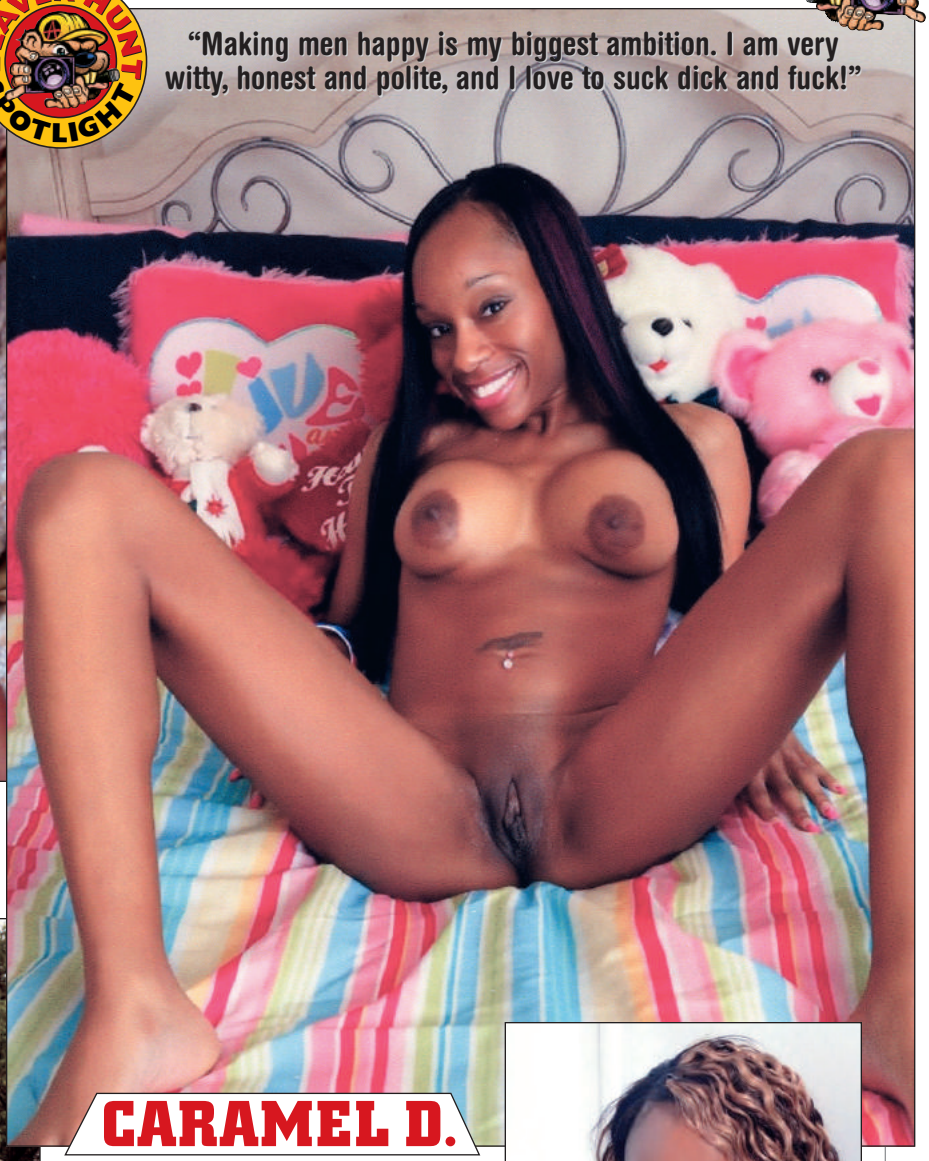
JUICY

"I have a bubbly personality, and I'm cool to hang around with," raves this customer service rep from Waco, Texas—the birthplace of Dr Pepper and Jennifer Love Hewitt. Stellarly representing the Lone Star State and ex-cheerleaders, Juicy, 27, roots for the Dallas Cowboys, never misses MTV's *The Real World* and is a real whirlwind in the bedroom or spur-of-the-moment spots. "I'm wild, frisky and always horny," the 5-foot-10 filly avows. "My favorite ways to get off are 69ing—I love playing the skin flute—and reverse cowgirl." Juicy was a *Beaver Hunt* rookie two years back, but she's now the kind of amateur model shutterbugs dream about: "After my favorite photographer was done shooting me, I gave him a blowjob." —Photos by Lucky Friend

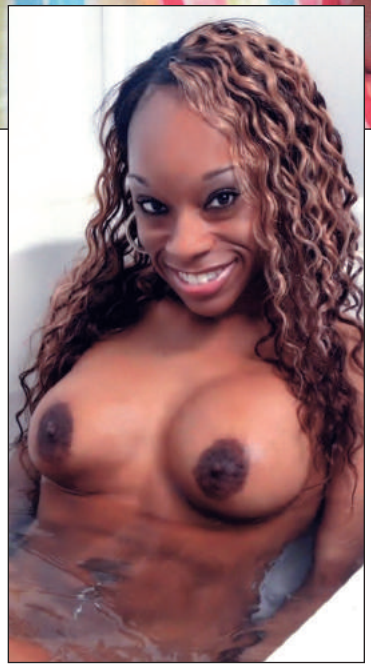
"I love booty sex 'cause it makes me come very hard, and take this to the bank: I'm an ATM girl."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"Making men happy is my biggest ambition. I am very witty, honest and polite, and I love to suck dick and fuck!"



CARAMEL D.



Proudly hailing from Beaver Huntsville,* Alabama, Caramel D. toils in a tank top and snazzy hot pants. But here the "clever" 25-year-old server can show off what's concealed by her skimpy uniform. "I feel that nudity is a form of art through expression," coos Caramel, whose favorite recording artists include Gucci Mane, Lil Jon, Bruno Mars, Lady Gaga, Ke$ha and Crime Mob. The 5-foot-4, 98-pound newcomer is verbally expressive to boot. "My fave TV shows are *Mob Wives*, *16 and Pregnant*, *Basketball Wives* and *Glee*," single gal Caramel gleefully spells out. "I dig African food, ice cream, smoothies and pretty much anything that's healthy, and I keep fit by running long distance, dancing and having sex." With gusto! "I have no gag reflex," Caramel asserts. "I can deep-throat, my favorite positions are cowgirl and doggy-style—the rougher and deeper the better—and I prefer anal. It's the bomb! And I always rub my clit while sucking a cock or licking balls. I *love* watching a guy spurt cum on me while I'm coming with him!" Caramel, whose amorous hijinks are highlighted by "fucking at a mall" and an orgy, fantasizes, "I'm straight, but I want to have a threesome with a hot black chick and a white one." For a real blast, Caramel D. is the right one! —Photos by Friend

*BELOW-FOOTSIES FOOTNOTE: April Fools! Caramel D. resides in hottie haven Huntsville, Alabama.

"I love my little ass, and it's not just for show, boys!"

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

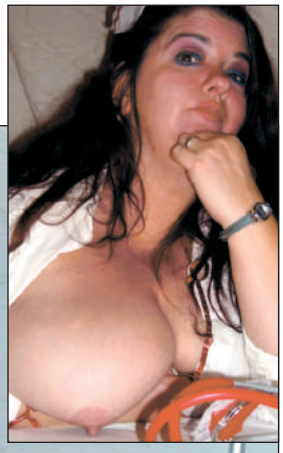
"When I'm naked, I know all eyes are on me!"

ASHLEY

It's now time to zero in on a pint-sized cutie pie from Boise, Idaho, who's literally getting her feet (and 32B boobies) wet as skin-mag eye candy. "I'm young but not as innocent as I look," Ashley, 20, announces. "I've decided to make my life a journey to a wilder side." The latest stop? Baring both sides of her yummy, 5-foot-0 anatomy in HUSTLER. "Modeling nude makes me feel sexy," Ashley gushes. The tanning and workout aficionada with the heavenly heinie also feels like sharing a few asexual traits: "I'm loyal and faithful, and I never talk during movies or TV shows." But when *The Hills* fan gets horny, she really loves to play with her mates. "I'm a lady on the streets and a freak in the sheets," Ashley lays on us. "I'm bi-curious, but *anything* goes with guys." Even being fucked where the sun don't shine? "Like I said, anything goes," the newbie insists. Ashley, whose favorite perch is "on top," puts "having an X-rated slumber party with my girlfriends" atop her list of carnal adventures. Her sexual fantasy is even hotter: "I'm fire dancing naked at a wild party, then a buff dude takes me right then and there in front of everyone!" —Photos by Friend

AMELIA SUE

This "not camera-shy grandma" from Miamisburg, Ohio, will be turning 47 come April, but she still fools around. "I can't get enough sex," Amelia Sue hoots. "I'm in my prime!" The avid country music listener, who has crushes on crooners Craig Morgan and George Strait, knows how to stay there. "My hobbies are line dancing, watching a lot of porn, reading HUSTLER (even when I go fishing) and buying kinky stuff from the HUSTLER store," the 5-foot-7, 40EEE brastuffer makes known. FYI, she has one stiff rule: "A guy's gotta eat my pussy before he can stick his dick into my mouth or fuck me." Happy birthday, Amelia Sue! —Photos by Friend



"I want to be a total nympho with three or four young studs at the same time."

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

TINA MARIE

AGE: 48

LOCATION: New Jersey

FIND HER AT: HotTinaMarie.com

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

With a shipshape body that defies the fact that she's a mother of four, Tina Marie could give the seductive Stifler's Mom from the *American Pie* flicks a run for her money. "Even though I'm a homemaker who's always on the go," Tina explains, "I've also been a model for the past two years. Somehow I find time to work out at the gym at least four to five times a week."

The busy Cougar has a great business head on those lovely shoulders. Four years ago, Tina put her skills as a professional makeup artist and entrepreneur to good use by opening Tina's Cuts in Brick, New Jersey. "I think it's extremely important for women of all ages to feel beautiful and realize their sensual potential," Tina acknowledges. "That's why I love running a salon. I can directly help women really bring out their beauty."

Tina's plate may be full, but will she slam on the brakes for a good roll in the hay? "Are you kidding?!" she exclaims. "I always make time for lots of sex! Actually, it seems the older I get, the more sex I have—which has definitely gotten better with age. So I suppose I'm living proof that with age comes perfection!"

COUGARS UNLEASHED #38

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.*

PHOTOS BY DDGPHOTOS.COM

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:
Kimberly Baker

AGE: 25

LOCATION: TUMWATER, WASHINGTON

NUMBER OF FRIENDS: 104

URL: **Facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000141695518**

Sporting a creative 'do and decorative ink, Kimberly exudes punk sensuality. But looks can be deceiving, for this sexy Apple Stater will hardly be found slam-dancing or pogoing at hip dance clubs. Instead, she spends a great deal of time with her favorite "toys"—namely, a souped-up Yamaha 350 motorcycle and her beloved Ford F-150 pickup truck with dual exhaust and no mufflers.

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY MEARLE GATES

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

"Since I love traveling and being on the road," Kimberly reveals, "my truck is my baby. I use it for functional purposes like hauling wood. But I really enjoy just driving it on the beach and having off-road adventures. Hey, I've even used it in some of my photo-shoots."

But does Kimberly also dig being a homebody? "I do," the 5-foot-3 vixen asserts, "especially watching movies, reading mysteries and playing video games like *Ghost Recon* and *Rock Band*."

As for her fledgling modeling career, Kimberly is totally unabashed. For example, she has no qualms whatsoever about being asked by a photographer to straddle an electric guitar, a minibike or, for that matter, her own fingers.

"It's a complete turn-on getting naked for the camera," the sexhibitionist freely admits. "But whether I'm doing a shoot nude or wearing clothes, the simple notion that I'm making my fans happy always gets me off."

Then it's a win-win situation, Kimberly, because your happiness definitely makes us happy!

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

RISKY ROAD TRIP TO LIBYA

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES, STUDENT CHRIS JEON PACKS HIS BAGS FOR A DEATH-DEFYING, ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME EXPERIENCE.

At the beginning of another dreaded school year, some UCLA students were wrapping up summer internships or returning from vacation. Others were clocking in as much last-minute partying as they could. Chris Jeon, however, was purchasing a one-way, $800 airplane ticket to join rebel forces in war-torn Libya.

Jeon told no one except a few friends, not even his parents. But images soon surfaced of the 21-year-old UCLA math major wearing a black-and-white headscarf and a blue basketball jersey emblazoned with the words *Los Angeles*—while holding an AK-47! The rebels had taught Jeon how to use the weapon for combat.

"It is the end of my summer vacation, so I thought it would be cool to join the rebels," Jeon told reporter Bradley Hope from the *National*, the Abu Dhabi daily newspaper that broke the story after Hope spotted the Asian-American traveling with a rebel brigade.

> **Jeon switched off the safety on his assault rifle, located the trigger and fired two rounds into the air. "I want to fight in Sirte!" Jeon proclaimed as he gestured toward dictator Moammar Kadafi's hometown.**

According to Hope, Jeon switched off the safety on his assault rifle, located the trigger and fired two rounds into the air. "I want to fight in Sirte!" Jeon proclaimed as he gestured toward dictator Moammar Qaddafi's hometown.

Raw video footage depicted Jeon driving behind a heavily armed vehicle and storming into the town of An Nawfaliyah, reported UCLA's student newspaper the *Daily Bruin*. Jeon said he was among the first rebel fighters to take the city from Qaddafi soldiers.

Jeon's reasoning for throwing himself on the front lines in the uprising against Qaddafi? "This is one of the only real revolutions. I just thought I'd come to check it out."

It was that simple. So Jeon flew out of Los Angeles—taking with him only a camera and a small backpack filled with clean clothes—and arrived in Cairo, Egypt. Determined to make it to the rebel-held Libyan city of Benghazi, he hopped on a train to Alexandria and bussed his way across the border to rebel headquarters. But that wasn't the end of the line. In Benghazi, he stood with his thumb out trying to hitch a ride to Tripoli. Jeon was picked up by the third car that drove by, and he headed west toward the Libyan capital.

There, Jeon was approached by rebel commander Absulam Reche, who challenged the new arrival to a wrestling match. A member of the UCLA wrestling team, Jeon gladly acquiesced. He got Reche in a headlock and won the Libyan's respect.

Assimilation came quickly thereafter. The rebels had taken to Jeon, so much so that they gave him an Arabic name: Ahmed el-Maghrabi Saidi Barga. According to the *National*, the men loudly cheered at the mere sound of Jeon's new moniker. It was hard for Jeon to communicate—he spoke broken Italian and no Arabic—so he spent an hour every day teaching Reche English.

Even after Jeon's return to L.A., he still refers to the rebels as his brothers, the *Daily Bruin* reported. He went cliff diving and swimming with his comrades. He ate and prayed with them. Still, Jeon's three-week mission in Libya has been criticized by the media, who view his actions as both senseless and selfish, especially considering the fate of two western Pennsylvania residents. A Libyan expatriate and his son joined the rebels weeks earlier only to be killed instantly when a mortar round hit their vehicle.

"If anything, I think I was a huge morale booster," Jeon told the *Daily Bruin*. "And if I'd put anybody's life in danger, they would have kicked me out."

This isn't Jeon's first dance with danger. According to his friends, Jeon is a thrill seeker who frequently follows a "life's too short" mantra. During the winter of his freshman year, he traveled alone to a remote orphanage in Cambodia. The following summer he spent two months in the Amazon with an indigenous tribe, dining on piranhas he'd caught. In January 2011, Jeon and fellow UCLA student Ross McCray ventured to Seattle with only $1 and tickets to fly home a week later. In the meantime, the two close friends lived on the street and begged for food.

"He thrives on new environments," McCray told the *Daily Bruin*. "Until you're actually there experiencing it, you're not going to know what it's like."

But what was initially sparked by curiosity—over Libyans' resolve to overthrow Qaddafi—turned into something much more meaningful for Jeon. "As he understood their struggle and as his bond with them grew stronger, this trip became about friendship," said Jeon's father, Peter, in the *Daily Bruin*.

According to friends, Jeon has changed since embarking on his odyssey to Libya. Most noticeably, he's more reserved than he used to be. After participating in the revolt against Qaddafi and for the first time seeing people die, it's easy to understand why.

"Too many of us are trapped in what's comfortable," said senior Christine Chiu, one of many at UCLA to side with Jeon. "He took a risk, a huge risk, but he's back in one piece, and I'm sure it's an experience he'll never regret. Stupid or not, how many of us can say we follow our gut in everything we do? How many of us can say we risked our lives by taking a once-in-a-lifetime chance that ultimately changed us forever?"

Po Chang is a UCLA senior majoring in business economics. Two of his favorite extracurricular activities are "playing basketball and drinking beer."

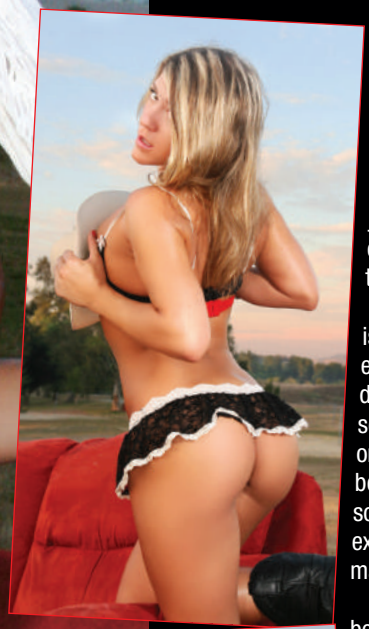
Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

SUMMER SUNSHINE

FRESNO COMMUNITY COLLEGE



Summer has big dreams. While the unbashful coed is content hitting the books and mastering academia, she'd ultimately like to work for *National Geographic*, do plenty of modeling and get married.

"I really want to get into photojournalism," Summer says, "because I want to see the world—that's a must! I just love traveling."

When the self-proclaimed hippie isn't preoccupied with school, she enjoys hanging out with friends, dancing, hitting raves and having sex. "I'm down to try most anything once!" Summer exclaims. "I recently began experimenting with threesomes—women only so far. But I'm extremely curious about adding a male to the mix."

It seems her part-time job has been more than a source of income. "I strip," Summer confides, "so I guess that's what brought my sexuality out. Now I'm very comfortable with myself. I've got no problem whatsoever getting kinky and dirty—which is often!"

When lookin' to get it on, the 5-foot-6 sizzler steers toward guys with "a killer smile and deep, dark eyes," but she much prefers a cocky Romeo: "I absolutely need a man to take control in the bedroom," Summer specifies. "I'm hyperenergetic and not easy to contain, so someone who can dominate yours truly is a huge turn-on!"

Time to be assertive, gents. Summer Sunshine makes things hot and sweaty!

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

HUSTLER PERSONALS

Stop wasting time and cash in bars

Start Chatting

We've found really great, cute girls who just want the same thing you do...
TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW
right in your area

COME INSIDE
Its time to make things Personal.

MINDY: SPLIT FOR HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB VEZE

Mindy left the Pennsylvania farmlands to seek the glitter of stardom in Hollywood. “I want to be an actress,” she said. But it’s still the same old story: “A lot of it depends on who you know.” We hope this spread leads to a big opening for the 21-year-old starlet.

(continued from page 64)

But does that explain the increasingly aggressive actions of NYPD's rank and file toward OWS protesters? Chanting "Fuck the police!" probably didn't help win over New York's Finest, but what about JPMorgan Chase's $4.7-million donation to the NYPD? It was the largest such donation in history, and it was made right around the time protesters first converged on Wall Street. Given the Paid Detail Unit and the JPMorgan donation, it might not be unreasonable for people to conclude that the police, just like our politicians, are bought and paid for.

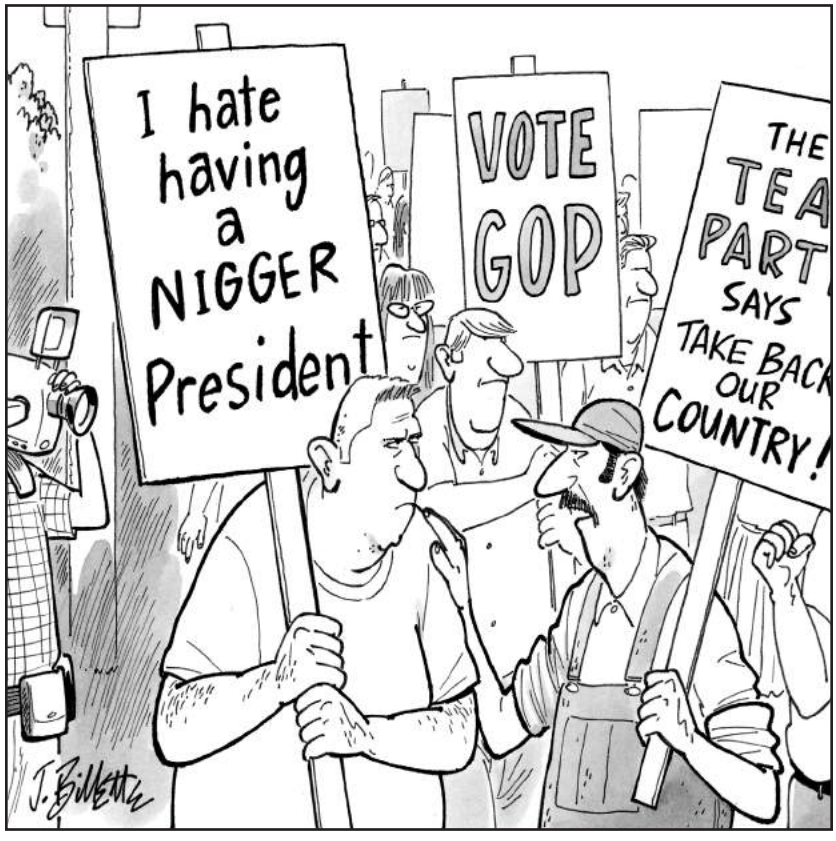
So here's the big question: Will Occupy Wall Street have staying power or will it fold? Before answering, consider the fact that in the United States alone the movement has spread to hundreds of cities big and small. Outside our borders, it's not much different. People around the world are supporting the Occupy movement because they too see themselves as victims of the global financial system. In addition, the protesters are no longer just college students; the movement has grabbed the support of young and old, white, black, brown, working class, middle class, teachers, pipe fitters and all those who cannot claim to be in the elite 1%.

So maybe the paramount question isn't whether or not the Occupy movement will have staying power. Maybe it should be, as Larry Flynt asks "Is this what a revolution looks like in the 21st century?" That notion should scare the shit out of the 1%.

Jordan David (below), a political science major at Southern California's College of the Canyons, took a semester off so he could participate in Occupy Wall Street.

PHOTO BY PAUL GANDY, PAUL-GANDY.COM

God makes a note to himself.

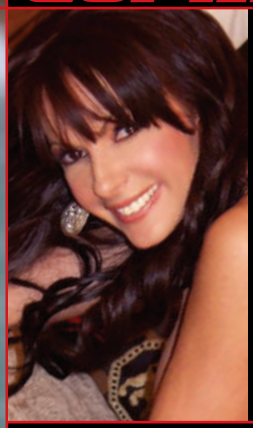


"Look, we all agree with you. But because of the media presence, you need to be more subtle!"

The May '12 issue goes on sale February 21, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

SAMANTHA SAINT

COMING NEXT

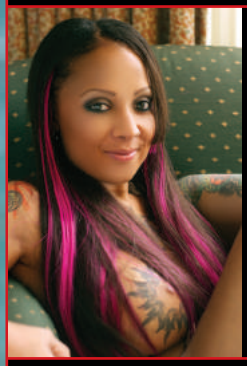


CATALINA CRUZ: INTERNET MONEYMAKER & BLUE-RIBBON HOMEMAKER

Like a majestic queen, Catalina Cruz rules over a realm spanning 17 adults-only Web sites that pull in six figures a month. But, as freelance journalist Adam Popescu discovers on a trip to her home turf, the bodacious brunette is more than just a shrewd businesswoman. Once "standoffish with porn," Catalina now leads a double life. She's a brassy exhibitionist and the "momma tiger" of a household that defines family values.

FUKUSHIMA UPDATE: WHAT THEY WON'T TELL YOU

With radiation from the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear power plant still circulating the planet, experts predict that millions will die. Nevertheless, the American Nuclear Society proclaims that "no public ill effects are expected." In a follow-up to his September 2011 report on the Fukushima catastrophe, investigative journalist Karl Grossman spells out how the governments of Japan and the United States, as well as advocates of atomic energy, are covering up the awful truth about the world's most devastating nuclear accident.

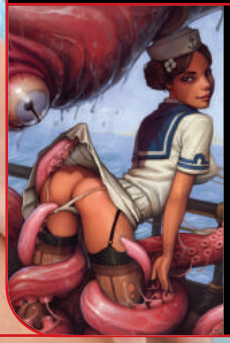


COUGARS UNLEASHED: THE SEXUAL AWAKENING OF SUN KARMA

"I am not a tennis shoe," quips HUSTLER's roving reporter Sun Karma, who's 38, not 40, meaning she's somewhere between puma and full-fledged cougar. In Ms. Karma's latest *submission*, the die-hard dominatrix recounts how a younger heartthrob turns the tables, making her his obedient partner. It looks like Sun Karma is up for rewriting the cougar training manual.

LEGALIZING MARIJUANA: JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

Christopher Glenn Fichtner, M.D., coined the term *cannabinomics* to label society's management of cannabis a/k/a marijuana. Chronicling a bevy of patients who've gotten relief from THC and other chemicals found in the herb, the psychiatrist makes a compelling case for every state to legalize marijuana across the board. In fact, Dr. Fichtner suggests legalization is inevitable and could even stimulate economic growth.



FAIRY TALES WITH AN ARTISTIC TWIST

Wanna see one of literature's most beloved damsels being ogled by seven sinister-looking dwarfs who seem intent on gang-banging her? How about a comely female sailor being undressed by a monstrous squid? Then don't miss our cavalcade of erotic illustrations by Ben Newman, the Michelangelo of a titillating world where fantasy, urban decay and fairy tales converge.